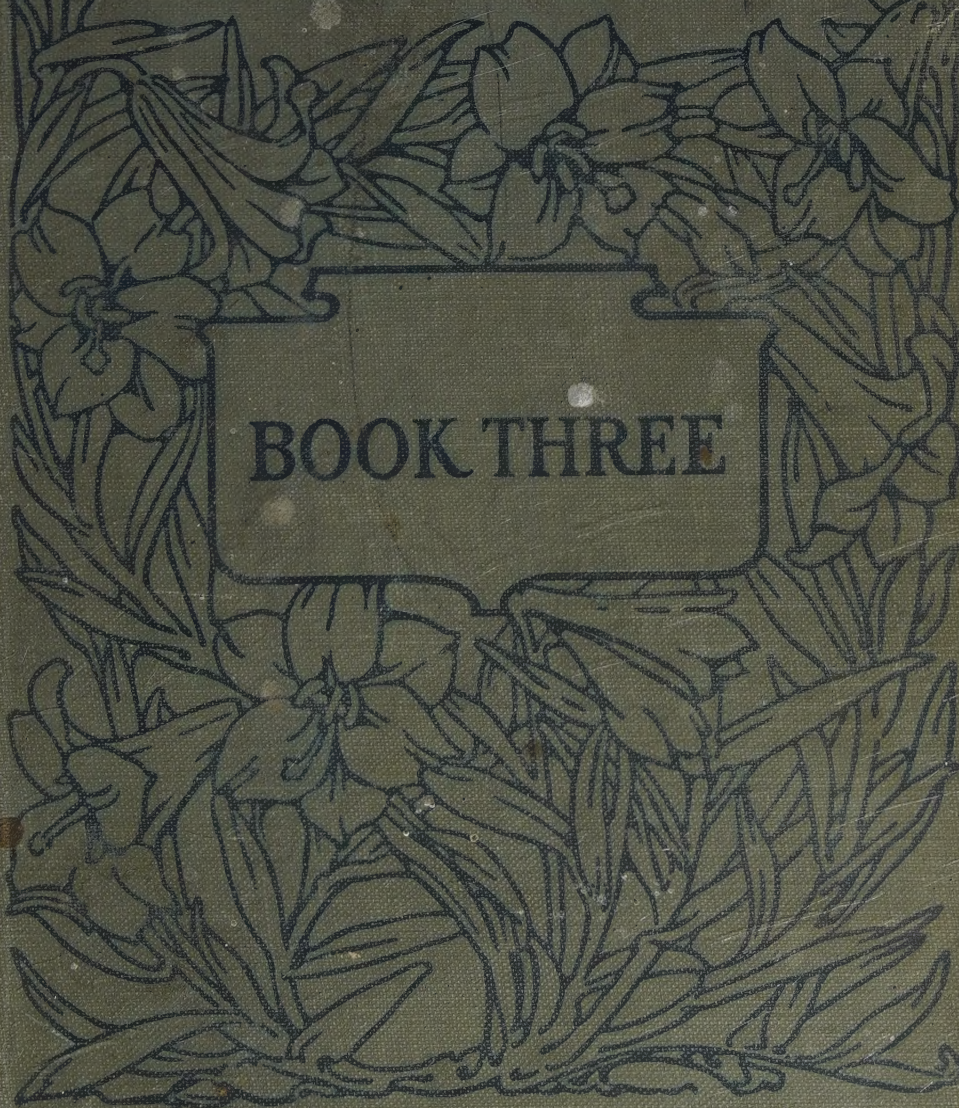
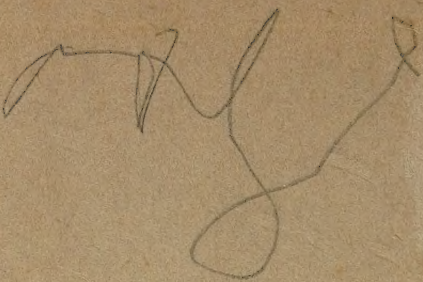


THE NEW CORONA READERS



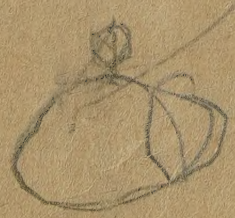
BOOK THREE

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THE • NEW CORONA • READERS

• *BOOK THREE* •

BY THE SISTERS, SERVANTS OF
THE IMMACULATE HEART
OF MARY



GINN AND COMPANY

BOSTON • NEW YORK • CHICAGO • LONDON
ATLANTA • DALLAS • COLUMBUS • SAN FRANCISCO



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PREFACE

Book Three of the New Corona Readers aims to continue the work in the mechanics of reading and, through the medium of standard literature, to cultivate in pupils proper attitudes, habits, and tastes.

The material, which is made up of stories of a religious nature, stories of folklore, and imaginative stories, as well as civic, health, and factual material, and a number of attractive silent-reading exercises, gives a well-balanced content. The Little Dictionary contains a list of difficult words in alphabetical order, with their meanings.

Grateful acknowledgment is made to the Saint Gregory Guild for permission to reprint "Jesus, Thou art Coming" from the "Saint Gregory Hymnal"; to *Ave Maria* for "When Our Lady was a Child"; to Doubleday, Doran and Company, Inc., for "Have you watched the Fairies" from "Fairies and Chimneys" by Rose Fyleman (copyright, 1920, by George H. Doran Company and reprinted by permission of Doubleday, Doran and Company, Inc., publishers). "The Shadows," from "Little-Folk Lyrics" by Frank Dempster Sherman, and Sarah Orne Jewett's "Discontent" are included by permission of and by arrangement with Houghton Mifflin Company. "Free Air Mail" from "The Wisdom of Professor Happy" by Cliff Goldsmith is reproduced by permission of the American Child Health Association, New York City.

This little book is lovingly dedicated to Mary, Our Immaculate Mother.

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THE IMMACULATE CONCEPTION

From a painting by Murillo

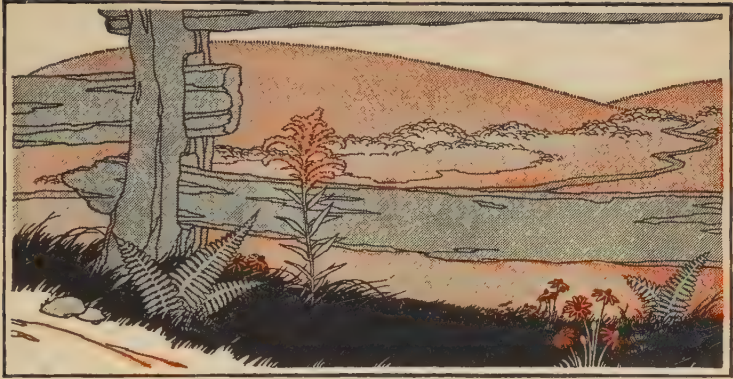
NEW CORONA READERS
BOOK THREE

THOUGHTS¹

I want to think of You, dear God,
A million times a day —
At home, and when I am in school,
And when I am at play!
No matter who is by, nor where
I am, nor what I do,
I know that I can always send
A thought, dear God, to You!

MARY DIXON THAYER

¹ From Mary Dixon Thayer's "A Child on His Knees." By permission of The Macmillan Company, publishers.



LITTLE GOLDEN-ROD

Little Golden-rod leaned up against the fence and looked about her. She saw a dusty country road at her feet, with dark woods on the other side. Then she peeped through the fence at a large meadow with a happy little brook dancing through it. Dozens upon dozens of bright field daisies, with brown caps and dresses as golden as the sunset, were scattered about.

Golden-rod looked back at her brothers and sisters. They were all standing by the roadside dressed in pale green and covered with dust.

"I wish," said Golden-rod, "I really wish that I had been born a daisy. Then I could live in that meadow with the pretty brook to drink from and have a beautiful yellow dress to wear."

Just then a smart young grasshopper came jumping toward her on his six long legs.

"You look sad, little Golden-rod," he said. "What is the matter?"

"Oh, nothing very much," answered Golden-rod, "only I wish that I were a daisy with a pretty brown cap and a yellow dress."

"Is that all?" said the grasshopper.

"Let me tell you that I know where you can get gold enough for a dozen dresses. Do you know what a rainbow is?"

"To be sure I do," answered Goldenrod. "It is a beautiful bow that we sometimes see in the sky when it has been raining. What has that to do with it?"

"Only this," said the grasshopper, "I have heard my grandfather say that a pot of gold lies at the foot of the rainbow. Now, what is to keep you from going there and helping yourself?"

"Oh, I only wish I could!" said Goldenrod. "But I don't know where the foot of the rainbow is."

"I can tell you then," said the grasshopper. "It is just across the meadow over there at the foot of the hill. See?" He pointed with one of his long legs.



"Yes," said Golden-rod, "I see, but it is a long way off. How shall I get there?"

"Oh, just pull yourself loose from the ground and the wind will take you over." The grasshopper jumped to the ground and started off.

"Thank you, thank you! I will do it," called Golden-rod, never stopping to think whether or not he had told her the truth.

That very day Golden-rod began trying to pull herself from the earth. Soon

all her dainty roots were calling: "Please stop, Golden-rod! We want to get you something to eat, and you won't let us go to look for it."

"Never mind anything to eat," she said; "I am going after gold for a new dress." She pulled harder than ever, but the kind earth knew what was best for the little plant and would not let her go.

Golden-rod worked away every day with her face turned toward the hill across the meadow. There the grasshopper had said that the foot of the rainbow would be.

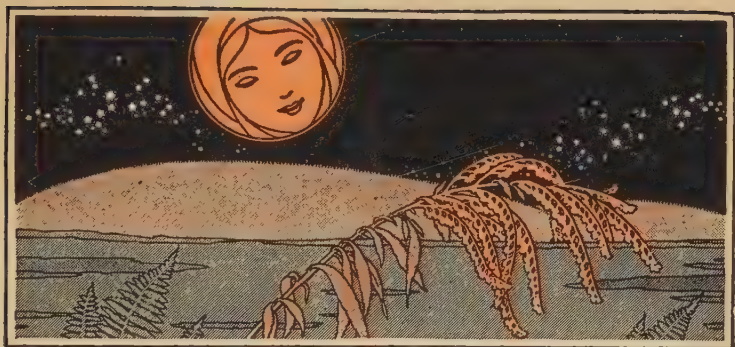
Day after day went by. It was very hot and dusty, but little Golden-rod kept saying to herself: "At the foot of the rainbow lies a pot of gold. I must get

loose before the rainbow comes, so that I can go at once." She kept on pulling and pulling.

Soon she began to feel faint and weary. Her little roots were saying: "If Golden-rod does not let us go farther into the ground, we cannot feed her much longer. There is no more food about us here." The little roots could give her enough to keep her alive, but not enough to make her grow large and strong.

At last, one night, Golden-rod was so tired that she just dropped her head upon the fence rail and cried. It seemed as if she would never be able to drag herself loose from the ground.

Soon the little plant heard a sweet voice saying: "Poor little Golden-rod!



Foolish little Golden-rod! I am so sorry for you!”

She looked up, and there was the great silver moon looking down with a kind smile and showering lovely white light over her.

“O, dear moon!” cried Golden-rod, “am I foolish? Please help me, for I am so tired and weak that I cannot even stand.”

“Yes,” said the moon, “you have been very foolish. There is no pot of gold at

the foot of the rainbow. Even if there were, you could never reach it. If you had sent your rootlets far down into the earth and had caught all the sunshine the great sun had for you, you would now be strong and well, and you would have as beautiful a dress as any daisy in the field."

Little Golden-rod cried harder than ever, but she listened all the while as the moon went on. "Have you not noticed that your brothers and sisters have new dresses of gold?"

"No," answered Golden-rod sadly. "I have been so busy watching for the rainbow that I have not even looked at them for a long time."

"Look in the morning then," said the moon, "and ask them how they became



golden while you are still pale green." The moon wrapped her face in a fleecy cloud and went away.

As soon as it was light little Golden-rod straightened up. She looked on both sides of her. She hardly knew her own brothers and sisters. There they stood, each with a slender stem covered with bright yellow flowers. They looked like tossing plumes in the morning breeze.

"Oh, how pretty you all are!" cried little Golden-rod. "Where did you get those lovely dresses? How I wish that I had a dress of gold!"

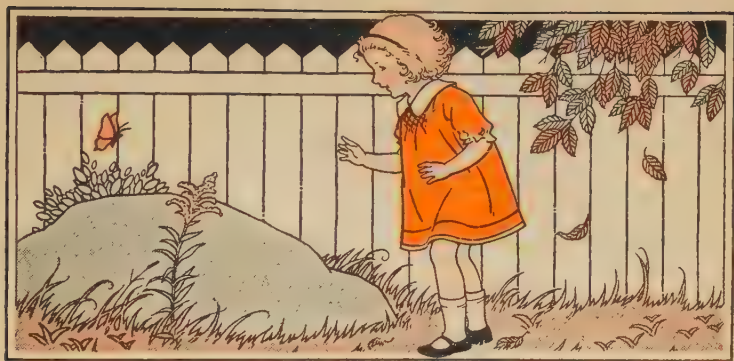
"Why, you see," said the others, "they came to us. We gathered all the sunshine we could. When our hearts were full of it, we grew yellow. The more sunshine we got the brighter we grew."

Little Golden-rod looked down at her faded, green suit and shook her head.

"The moon was right," she whispered. "I have been foolish, but perhaps if I try hard I may yet have my golden dress." So she called to the rootlets and bade them go wherever they chose to get her food. Instead of watching for the foot of the rainbow, she turned her face to the bright sun.

The kind little rootlets sent up to her the very best food that they could find. Golden-rod grew stronger and larger. Her stems became covered with pretty yellow blossoms. Before the frost came she stood bright and tall beside the fence, a very happy little Golden-rod.

From "Cat-Tails and Other Tales" by Mary H. Howliston, copyrighted and published by A. Flanagan Company.



GOLDEN-ROD ¹

“How in the world did I happen to bloom
All by myself, alone
By the side of a dusty country road,
With only a rough old stone
For company?” And the golden-rod,
As she drooped her yellow head,
Gave a mournful sigh. “Who cares
for me,
Or knows I’m alive?” she said.

¹ From Lovejoy and Adams’s “Pieces for Every Month in the Year.”
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"A snow-white daisy I'd like to be,
Half hid in the cool green sod;
Or a pink spiræa, or a sweet wild
rose—

But I'm only a golden-rod!
Nobody knows that I'm here, nor cares
Whether I live or die!
Lovers of beautiful flowers, who wants
Such a common thing as I?"

But all of a sudden she ceased her
plaint;

For a child's voice called in glee,
"Here's a dear little lovely golden-rod!
Did you bloom on purpose for me?
Down by the brook the tall spiræa
And the purple asters nod
And beckon to me—but more than all
Do I love you, golden-rod!"

She raised the flower to her rosy lips,
And merrily kissed its face.
"Ah! now I see," said the golden-rod,
"How this is the very place
That was meant for me; and I'm glad
I bloomed
Just here by the road alone,
With nobody near for company
But a dear old mossy stone!"

MARY I. LOVEJOY

THE CHILD MARY

It was Saturday, the eighth of September. There was great joy and happiness in the home of Joachim and Anne, for God had sent to them a little daughter. She was the most beautiful baby girl that had ever come to live on this earth. Her lovely eyes shone with the grace of God that was in her.

Although Joachim was of the family of King David, he was poor and unknown in the little town in which he lived. Yet both Joachim and Anne led so holy a life, that God was pleased to trust to their care this precious child who would one day be His Mother.

God had made known to Saint Anne and Saint Joachim that they should call

the child Mary. So eight days after her birth, the joyful parents gave her this name. Mary means the Beautiful One, or the Perfect One.

Day by day Mary grew more beautiful. She loved her father and mother and tried in every way to please them. Her parents loved her in return. They saw that God had given their little daughter wonderful gifts, and they never tired of thanking Him.

Saint Anne taught Mary how to work and how to pray. She taught her to love God with all her heart. She often read to the little girl from the Holy Scriptures.

Saint Joachim and Saint Anne had promised to give their child back to God. When Mary was three years old,

they took her to the temple in Jerusalem. There they left her in the care of the priest. Then Joachim and Anne returned to their home in Nazareth. How lonely they were without their little daughter! But they were glad to give to God their greatest treasure.

There were many other little girls in the temple. Mary learned to do the things that they did. She learned to spin and sew. She helped to care for the vestments worn by the priests. She learned to read the Holy Scriptures and to sing hymns.

Mary was very sweet and gentle, and all her companions loved her. She helped them with their work, and offered to do the hardest part of it. She was always kind to everyone.



THE VIRGIN MARY
From a painting by Ittenbach

Often Mary arose at midnight to pray. She begged God's blessing upon herself and all His people. The mornings were spent in prayer and work. Then dinner was taken with the other little girls. In the afternoon Mary read about God until the time for the evening offering in the temple.

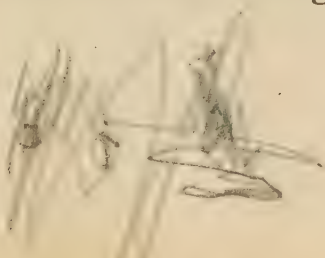
For twelve years Mary lived in the temple. She had been born without original sin. She had never committed the slightest fault. Though everyone loved her, no one but the angels knew God's secret. She was to be His own Mother.

WHEN OUR LADY WAS A CHILD

I like to think how Mary looked
When, as a little child,
Her gentle face and shadowy eyes
Were lighted when she smiled.

And when she prayed the hosts above
Must all have bent to hear,
And envied Mary's angel guide
Who was to her so near.

O little Maid, thou didst not know
What later years would bring,
When thou shouldst be fair sorrow's
 Queen,
Thy Son a thorn-crowned King.





THE LAUREL TREE

Daphne, the beautiful daughter of the river king, lived in a fairylike cave on the bank of the river.

Apollo was the sun king. Every day he drove his fiery chariot across the sky in order to give light and warmth to the earth people. His chariot was drawn by six white horses with harnesses of gold.

Often in his travels Apollo saw Daphne. Sometimes he watched her playing on the banks of the river near her home. Sometimes he saw her in the forest talking to the birds and animals or dancing about among the flowers and trees. He thought her far too beautiful to live on the earth.

"Daphne must come and live with me," Apollo said to himself. "I will take her to my sun palace in the sky. She loves the sunlight. I am sure she will be happy there."

One day, when Daphne was in the wood a long way from her home, she noticed that it was filled with a strange light. Looking up, she saw Apollo coming toward her. Daphne was afraid and began to run. Apollo ran after her.

"Daphne, do not be afraid," he called. "Come, I will not hurt you. I only wish to talk with you."

Daphne knew that Apollo wanted to take her to his home in the sky. She did not wish to leave her father and her playmates in the forest, so she ran on as fast as she could.

Apollo called again: "Daphne, why do you run from me? Do you not know that I am Apollo, the sun king? Come, let me take you with me in my golden chariot. I want you to come with me."

Daphne ran on calling loudly to her father: "O father, save me! Save me!"

At last she came to the edge of the river. Here she wrapped herself in a misty cloud and floated on. Apollo can see through everything but mist and

fog, but as Daphne fled he caught one glimpse of her face. She was so tired and so frightened that she could go no farther. She stood on the bank of the river and called more loudly than before: "O father, help! Save me from Apollo. I do not wish to leave this earth."

The river king heard the cries of his little daughter. "Apollo must not carry away the daughter of the river king," he thought. "I will save her by changing her into a tree."

Suddenly Daphne felt her feet take root in the earth. She felt her skin changing to a rough bark. Her fingers became twigs, and her hair became leaves.

When Apollo reached the spot the lovely maiden was no longer there, but

in her place stood a beautiful tree. He gathered some of the shiny, green leaves and wove them into a crown.

"This tree shall be called the laurel," he said. "Its leaves shall always be green."

Since Daphne won the race with Apollo, a wreath of these leaves has often been given to the winner of a race.

Greek Myth



THE FLAX FLOWER

Once upon a time, in a lonely valley, there lived a poor man with his wife and children. Every day he used to drive his cows to graze on the mountain sides. He always took with him his bow and arrows to protect his cattle from the wild beasts. Now and then he shot a deer.

One day he came home very late. His wife said, "Why have you been away so long?"

"I have seen the most wonderful sight in the world," said the man.

"Tell me about it," said his wife.

"I came to a strange doorway in the side of the mountain. I looked through it and saw a great hall where walls and

ceilings sparkled with precious stones. There were diamonds, pearls, garnets, and emeralds. A beautiful woman was standing in the center of the hall. She was dressed in a silvery garment and wore a beautiful golden crown on her head. In her hand were flowers as blue as her eyes. Around her were many pretty maidens dressed in dainty garments, with crowns of pearls on their heads. One was playing on a harp, one was singing, and the others were dancing about their queen."

"Did you kneel and ask her to help you?" asked his wife.

"Yes, and she smiled and said in a sweet, gentle voice: 'I have a gift for you. Choose what you will of my treasures.'"



"Did you choose pearls and diamonds?" asked his wife.

"'Kind queen,' I said, 'give me the blue flowers you have in your hand.'"

"Well!" cried the wife. "That was a foolish choice. You might have asked for some of the precious stones."

"The queen said to me, 'You have chosen wisely.' Then she gave me the flowers and some seed. She told me that in the springtime she would come herself to teach us what to do with the plant."

In the spring the man planted the little seeds. Soon some tiny green leaves came through the brown earth. It was not long before the whole field was covered with little flowers as blue as the sky.

The man watched over his field day and night. He often saw the beautiful queen walking among the flowers, but she never came near enough for the man to speak to her. She seemed to be watching and caring for the flowers.

One day the queen came to the cottage. "Do you know how to spin flax?" she asked the man's wife.

"Indeed I do not," said the woman.

"Can you weave linen?" asked the queen.

"Indeed I can not," answered the woman.

"Then I will teach you to spin and weave," said the good queen. "The little blue flower that I gave your husband was flax. It is my own flower, and I love the sight of it."



The queen showed them how to spin flax and weave linen. When the man's wife saw the piece of linen on the grass growing whiter and whiter as the sun shone upon it, she said to him: "Indeed, you have chosen wisely. The little blue flowers were better for us than precious jewels."

A Legend

HAVE YOU WATCHED THE FAIRIES?

Have you watched the fairies
when the rain is done
Spreading out their little wings
to dry them in the sun?
I have, I have! Isn't it fun?

Have you heard the fairies
all among the limes
Singing little fairy tunes
to little fairy rhymes?
I have, I have, lots and lots of times!

Have you seen the fairies
dancing in the air,
And dashing off behind the stars
to tidy up their hair?
I have, I have; I've been there!

ROSE FYLEMAN

POPE PIUS X

The Holy Father, Pope Pius X, has been called the Pope of the Blessed Sacrament. His great wish was to have people go often, even daily, to Holy Communion. He said, "Holy Communion is the shortest and surest way to Heaven."

Pius X was speaking of children as well as of grown-up men and women. Why should they not receive Jesus during the happiest time of their lives? Little children love Jesus. He loves them. While on earth He delighted to be in their company. He often laid His hands upon them and blessed them.

The Holy Father knew this. He sent a letter to all parts of the world,



POPE PIUS X

saying that little children at about the age of seven might make their First Holy Communion.

This made the children very happy. Many, after they had made their First Holy Communion, wrote letters to the Holy Father to thank him. He delighted in the letters. He loved the little ones dearly, and they returned his love. They were never shy when with him, but would crowd around him and talk to him. He loved to give them Holy Communion with his own hands. What a beautiful sight it was to see the children kneeling at the feet of the Holy Father!

While visiting at the Vatican with her parents a tiny girl once ran up to the Pope and thanked him for letting her make her First Holy Communion.

"Whom did you receive?" asked the Holy Father.

"Our Lord Jesus Christ," she answered.

"Was it Our Lord in Heaven or Our Lord on earth?" asked the Pope.

"Our Lord came down on the altar for me," said the little girl.

"Then there was a Jesus Christ on earth and a Jesus Christ in Heaven. Are there two Jesus Christs?" asked Pope Pius X.

The child did not answer for a moment. Then she said: "No, Holy Father, there is only one Jesus Christ. Our Lord in Heaven and Our Lord in the Sacred Host are the same Jesus Christ."

In the springtime of 1912, four hundred children who had just made their First Holy Communion in France arrived

in Rome. They gave the Holy Father a book with the names of thousands of little French boys and girls who had offered their Communion for him on the feast of Saint Joseph.

The children were received by the Holy Father, and one little boy spoke for the others. He told Pius X that all the children of France wished to thank him for letting them make their First Holy Communion so early. Then a little girl of five asked the Pope's blessing for those who could not come, as well as for those who were present. Each child received from the Holy Father a silver medal. He spoke to them and told them that their angels see the face of God. Tears were in the eyes of the Holy Father as he blessed them.

The children left the Vatican. Could they ever forget the kind, loving face of their Holy Father, Pope Pius X!

All who saw or spoke with Pope Pius X felt that he was a saint. God has worked many wonderful miracles through his prayers.

He did many great things for the Church. He will ever be remembered and loved for his great gift to the little ones, Holy Communion.



LITTLE NELLIE

The story of Little Nellie is a beautiful one. It is a story that other little children should know. Nellie was a little Irish girl who received her First Holy Communion at the age of four.

When she was very young her mother died, and Nellie went to live with the Sisters of the Good Shepherd. She had always been a frail child, and as she did not grow stronger she was placed under the care of a nurse.

From her nurse the baby learned her first lessons about God. One First Friday, the nurse took Nellie with her to the chapel where the Blessed Sacrament was exposed. She told the little one that Holy God was there, and that He

had come from Heaven to show His love for us. From that moment the child's love for Our Lord in the Blessed Sacrament was wonderful.

On the days on which Our Lord was exposed on the altar, although no one had told her, she would always beg her nurse to take her down to Holy God. She would remain there with her eyes fixed on the Blessed Sacrament and her little hands joined in prayer. She called Our Lord, "Holy God." She spoke of Our Blessed Lady as "Holy God's Mother," and the angels as "Holy God's angels."

The Bishop heard about Nellie. One morning he telephoned to the convent to say that he was coming over that very day to confirm her. This made

Nellie very happy. She was to become a soldier of Holy God.

The Sisters thought that they should tell her those things which little children should know before receiving Confirmation. They were surprised to find that Nellie knew the things they had come to teach her. Being too weak to sit or kneel, she was brought to the church by a nurse and, in her arms, received the Holy Ghost. "Now I am Holy God's little soldier," she said.

After her Confirmation Nellie's longing to receive Our Lord in Holy Communion grew stronger. She often whispered to herself: "I want Holy God! Oh, I wonder when He will come! I want Him to come into my heart. I am longing for Him to come to me."

Dear little Nellie did not have long to wait, for the Bishop said that she should be allowed to make her First Holy Communion. When the little one heard this, she was so filled with joy that she did not sleep all night. Every few minutes she would say to the nurse: "The stars are gone, Nurse. It is time to get up now."

The night seemed so long to her! She called out again and again: "I want Holy God! I want Holy God! Will it soon be morning?"

At last morning came. It was the first Friday of December. The nurse carried Nellie to the church. She was dressed in white and wore the wreath and veil of First Communion.

As Little Nellie received Jesus for the

first time, a heavenly light shone around her. She made her thanksgiving with her hands joined and her lips moving in prayer. A hush fell over the chapel during that thanksgiving. The nurse carried her out of the church while the children sang a First Communion hymn. From that time until her death Little Nellie received Holy Communion nearly every day.

On the second of February, 1908, when Little Nellie was four years old, the sweet Babe of Bethlehem took her to Himself. We hope that one day Little Nellie will be called by the Church, "The Patron Saint of Child Communion."

PUZZLE PLAYS

These paragraphs have been taken from stories you have read. Read them silently. Choose one you would like to act. When you have acted your part, the class will guess the name of the story from which your part was taken.

1. She pulled her hood over her curls and walked down the green slope with her basket on her arm. She met a wolf and talked to him. Then she stopped to gather flowers. When she came to her grandmother's cottage, she tapped at the door. She listened. Then she lifted the latch, pushed open the door, and stepped into the cottage.

2. The little girl sat down in the

great, big chair. That was too hard for her. She sat down in the middle-sized chair. That was too soft for her. She sat down in the tiny chair. That was neither too hard nor too soft, but just right. So she sat there until the bottom of the chair came out, and she fell to the floor. She jumped up quickly and ran upstairs.

3. She knocked, but there was no answer, so she opened the door and went inside. She looked at the table set with seven little plates, seven little spoons, seven little knives and forks, and seven little mugs. She warmed herself, ate a little bread from each plate, drank a drop of milk from each mug, said her prayers, and was soon asleep.

4. As soon as his father and step-mother were asleep, he slipped on his coat and, opening the door softly, went out into the garden. The moon was shining on the little white pebbles that lay in front of the house. He stooped, filled his pockets, and then went back to Gretel.

5. A man was walking along the street. The wind began to blow. The man buttoned his coat. The wind blew harder. The man fastened his coat tighter. Soon the wind stopped blowing. The sun began to shine. The man unbuttoned his coat. Then he took it off and sat down in the shade of a tree.

OUR SCHOOL CIRCUS

One day early in the fall, the children were surprised to find three big tents pitched in a field not far from the school. All were wondering what it meant. The whole story was out before noon, when trucks loaded with circus things began to arrive. The noise of the animals told that a real circus had come to town.

Circus days are always full of excitement, and so were the days that followed. At the end of the week the circus went away as quickly as it had come, but its spirit stayed. The children of the third grade asked to have a school circus. They talked about it in class with the Sister.

John said, "Let us have a parade."

"Do you mean a real parade?" asked Billy.

"Why not?" answered John. "We could march through the schoolyard and invite the children of the other rooms to see us."

"What fun! Let us do it," came from a chorus of voices.

"Yes, that would be fun," said Sister. "Before we go any farther, let us find out just what we need to have the circus parade."

They decided that a real circus has clowns, cowboys, Indians, gypsies, animals, and some strange-looking people in it.

"I have a clown's suit," said Tom, "and I can cartwheel."

"Splendid!" said Sister.

"Fred and I can dress like cowboys," said Frank.

"Marie can ride her Shetland pony," said Jane. "She may wear my gypsy dress if she would like to."

"That would be just the thing for a circus," said Sister.

"I can dress like an Indian chief and carry a bow and arrow," said Donald.

"Hurrah for the circus!" said Tom. "I can almost see the parade."

Before classtime was over the circus was partly planned. All who were to help decided to bring their circus things to school on Saturday morning.

The news of the school circus spread quickly. It was not long before most of the boys and girls were helping.

The older boys made the wagons with cages for the animals. The girls offered to print the signs to be carried in the parade. This made the third-grade children so happy that they asked if they might invite all the children of the school to join the parade. This little letter was sent to every room:

Dear Boys and Girls,

We are going to have a school circus. The parade will be on November eighth. Should you like to join us?

Your little friends in

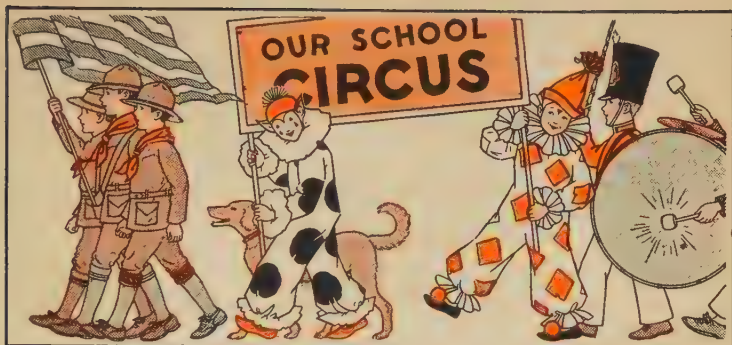
The Third Grade

THE PARADE

It was circus day! Boys, big and little, were turned into clowns, Indians, farmers, and cowboys. The girls came dressed as gypsies, Indians, and old-fashioned people.

The parade started from the school at three o'clock in the afternoon. It marched through the streets near the school. Crowds of people came out to see it. They cheered and clapped as it passed.

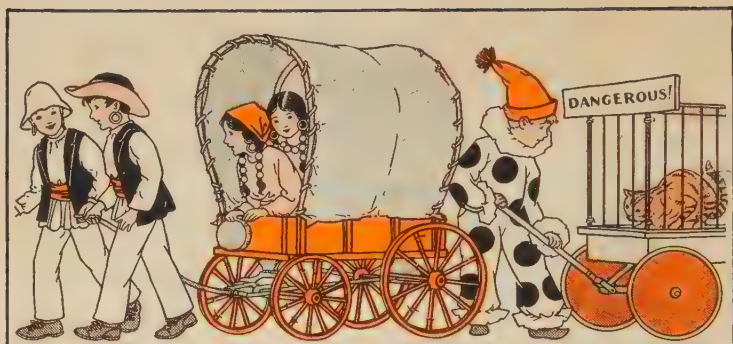
The leaders were three Boy Scouts. The tallest boy carried the flag. Two funny clowns followed, carrying a big sign which read, "Our School Circus." The school band in uniform came next. Their long white trousers, dark-blue



coats, and shining brass instruments were a pretty sight.

There were fifty Indians in the parade, big Indians, middle-sized Indians, and little Indians, Indian squaws and Indian chiefs. Some carried bows and arrows. Some carried tomahawks. Some walked with folded arms. All of them used a lock step and were as serious as any real Indian that you ever saw.

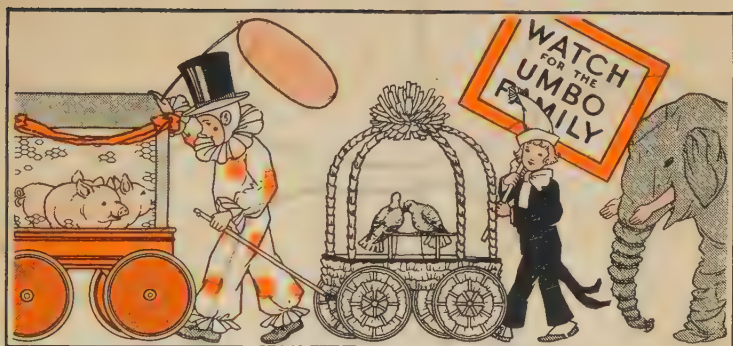
The wagons came next. A covered gypsy wagon drawn by two gypsy boys



was first. In it rode two little gypsy girls.

In a cage was stretched a big tiger cat. A sign on the front of the wagon said, "Dangerous!" Three Teddy Bears were in another cage on an express wagon. They were dressed as Father Bear, Mother Bear, and Baby Bear. A fluffy white dog was the polar bear.

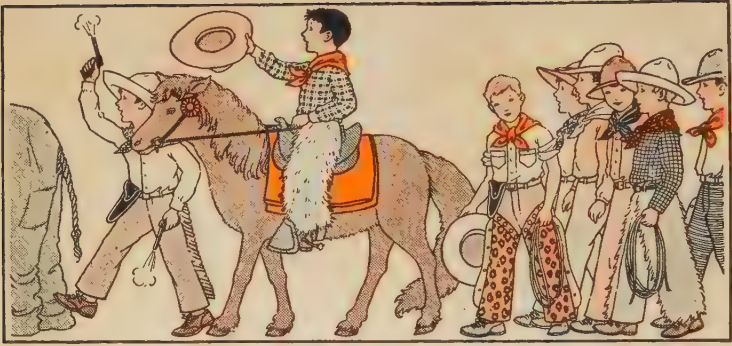
The Three Little Pigs were a part of the circus. Yes, real live pigs! They squealed as they rode along in their



strange new home. The little pigs did not know how much their squealing helped to make the fun of the circus.

Perhaps the prettiest wagon in the parade was one trimmed with red, white, and blue. It carried two prize carrier pigeons, "The Blue Fliers."

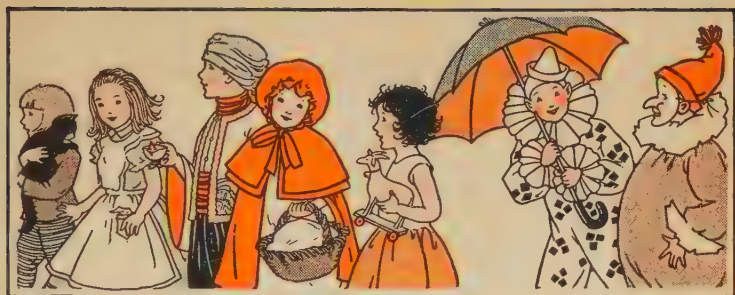
"Watch for the Umbo Family." This was printed on a large sign, which was carried by a little boy. Then came three make-believe elephants, Jumbo, Mumbo, and Tumbo.



A cowboy, riding a Shetland pony, was followed by a band of twenty other cowboys.

“The Gypsy Band” came in about the middle of the parade. Girls dressed in gay colors made real circus music with tambourines, clappers, triangles, combs, and drums. One little gypsy girl rode on horseback.

The gypsy band was followed by Aladdin with his wonderful lamp, Alice in Wonderland, Dick Whittington and



his cat, Heidi, Pollyanna, Bob Cratchit, Tiny Tim, Little Nell, Red Riding-hood, and the Tar Baby.

What is a circus without clowns! There were clowns of every size. Each one, as he passed, seemed funnier than the others. Some rode on bicycles; others were on scooters. Three very funny clowns played with a big ball. A little clown sat in a cart and drove a Shetland pony. Others played with hoops or carried bright-colored balloons.

A large truck had been trimmed with

colored bunting and balloons. On each side of the truck was a sign which read, "A Load of Fun." The fun was made by eight boys who wore stockings on their arms, shoes on their hands, and funny hats. At a given signal their heads dropped from sight and they lifted their hands. Everyone thought that they were standing on their heads.

Some of the children were dressed like old-fashioned people. A clown walked before them carrying a sign which read, "We are going to the circus." At the end were clowns playing tricks with a hoop and ball.

Imagine, if you can, the pleasant surprise which came two weeks later. Our School Circus was shown in moving pictures at school!

THE CALL OF THE DRUM

"Come — Boys — Come!"

Says the Big Bass Drum.

There's a show in town.

There's a funny clown

Riding a bicycle up and down

On the sunny street;

There are thousands of feet

Striking the earth to the merry tune,

And the day is fair, and the air like

June!

Then it's "Come — Come — Come!"

Says the Big Bass Drum.

"Come — Boys — Come!"

Says the Big Bass Drum.

There's a grand parade,

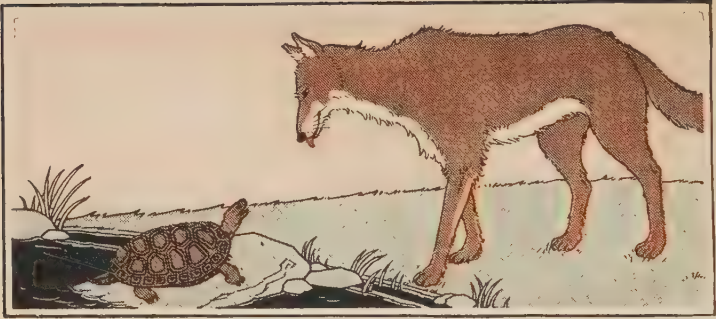
There is music played
 By men in uniform gay arrayed;
 There are ponies whose tricks will
 astonish you,
 There are lions and tigers and ele-
 phants too;
 There are camels and bears and funny
 baboons,
 A calliope screaming out wonderful
 tunes.

“Come — Boys — Come!”
 Says the Big Bass Drum.
 With a dash and a wheel,
 And a spring in the heel,
 And a laugh for the rollicking joy
 they feel;
 In a rabble and rout,
 With a clatter and shout,

The children are dancing and wheeling
about,
Oh, hurry! Be quick! The clown is
near,
The funniest joker you've seen in a
year!
See them Come — Come — Come!
To the Big
Bass
Drum.

J. WILEY OWEN





THE WOLF AND THE TURTLE

One day a wolf was running along the bank of a river. A turtle was floating down the stream. The wolf saw that the turtle was going very fast, so he said, "Let us have a race."

"All right," said the turtle. "I will bet my life that I shall win."

"Good!" said the wolf. "I will bet mine that I shall win."

They then agreed upon the distance they were to run. The race was to last

all day, and two days were to pass before it should begin.

The turtle did not want to wait two days. He knew that if he were to win he must start at once, so he started that very day. He swam down the river a little way and saw another turtle sunning on a rock.

"Ho, ho, my friend!" said the turtle. "I am running a race with a wolf. He will start in two days. When you see him coming, put your head out of the water and say: 'Hurry up! I'm winning.' Then put your head under the water again and sit still until he passes."

The friendly turtle said that he would do as he was told. The racing turtle swam on. A little farther down the river he met another turtle.

"Ho, ho, my friend!" he said. "I am running a race with a wolf. He will start in two days. When you see him coming, put your head out of the water and say: 'Hurry up! I'm ahead.' Then go under the water and stay there until the wolf passes."

The second friendly turtle said that he would do as he was told. The racing turtle swam on until he met another turtle.

"Ho, ho, my friend!" he called. "I am running a race with a wolf. He will start in two days. When you see him coming, put your head up and say: 'Hurry up! You are the slow one. I am the winner.' Then go under the water and sit very still until he passes."

This turtle said that he would do as

he was told. Then he watched the racing turtle paddle down the stream.

The racing turtle saw another turtle sitting on a rock. As he passed, the first turtle called: "Ho, ho, my friend! I am running a race with a wolf. He will not start for two days. When you see him coming, put your head out of the water and say: 'Hurry up! I bet my life that I shall win.' Then put your head under the water and sit very still until the wolf has passed."

The sun was beginning to set when the racing turtle met his last friend.

"Ho, ho, my friend!" he called. "I am running a race with a wolf. He will start in two days. When he comes round the curve, put out your head and say: 'Hurry up! I am still ahead,

and the goal is just round the curve.' Then go under the water quickly."

The racing turtle paddled on round the bend in the river. When he came to the goal, he flung himself on a stone to rest.

Two days had passed. The wolf came to the place where the race was to begin. He stood on the bank and called to the turtle: "Where are you? I'm off." Up bobbed a turtle's head, and a turtle's voice was heard to say: "Hurry up! I'm winning." Then the turtle's head went under the water.

The wolf started to run fast. Soon a turtle's head bobbed up and a turtle's voice was heard to say: "Hurry up! I'm ahead." The turtle went under the water and stayed there.



The wolf ran on. Soon a turtle's head bobbed up again and a turtle's voice was heard to say: "Hurry up! You are the slow one. I am the winner." The turtle went under the water and sat very still until the wolf had passed.

The wolf ran on as fast as he could go. Again a turtle's head bobbed up and a turtle's voice was heard to say: "Hurry up! I bet my life that I shall win." The turtle dropped out of sight.

As the wolf ran round the curve a turtle's head bobbed up out of the water and a turtle's voice was heard to say:

"Hurry up! I am still ahead, and the goal is just round the curve." Then with a splash the turtle went under the water.

The wolf knew that if he did not win he would lose his life. On, on he rushed, leaping over the fallen branches, and dashing through the brush. At last he flung himself round the curve. The turtle was lying on the stone waiting for him. The next moment the wolf was lying at the turtle's feet, begging for his life. The turtle did not answer at once, for turtles are slow. Then looking very wise he said: "The wolf shall live. He shall go back to his home. But he must remember that there is more than one way to win a race."

Indian Legend

A MOVING PICTURE

THE PIED PIPER OF HAMELIN

THE STORY

Many years ago the people of Hamelin Town were troubled with rats.



Rats!

They fought the dogs and killed the cats,
And bit the babies in the cradles,
And ate the cheeses out of the vats,
And licked the soup from the cooks' own
ladles,
Split open the kegs of salted sprats,
Made nests inside men's Sunday hats,
And even spoiled the women's chats
By drowning their speaking
With shrieking and squeaking
In fifty different sharps and flats.

SCENE I

The people went to the Town Hall to see the Mayor.

They told him and his council that they must rid the town of rats.



“Rouse up, sirs! Give your brains a racking
To find the remedy we’re lacking,
Or, sure as fate, we’ll send you packing!”

The Mayor and his council are sitting at a table in the Town Hall. They look toward the door as if they hear a great noise outside. The Mayor seems to say, “What is that noise?” The door is pushed open and a crowd of people rush into the room. The Mayor seems to ask, “What is the matter?” The people show that they will put out the Mayor if he does not help them. The people go away.

SCENE II

While the Mayor and his council were trying to think of some way to rid the town of rats, they heard a gentle tap at the door.



"Come in!"—the Mayor cried, looking bigger:

And in did come the strangest figure!
His queer long coat from heel to head
Was half of yellow and half of red,
And he himself was tall and thin,
With sharp blue eyes, each like a pin,
And light loose hair, yet swarthy skin,
No tuft on cheek nor beard on chin,
But lips where smiles went out and in.

The Mayor and his council are sitting alone. The Mayor looks worried. He jumps up and turns toward the door as if he hears someone tapping. He

seems to say, "Come in." The Piper enters and walks to the council table. He shows them his wonderful pipe and seems to say: "I am the Pied Piper. I can rid your town of rats." The Mayor and his council show surprise. The Mayor lays money on the table as if to say, "We will give you one thousand guilders."

SCENE III

The Piper stepped into the street.
He began to blow his pipe.

And out of the houses the rats came
tumbling.

They followed the Piper from street to
street until they came to the river.



Wherein all plunged and perished!



The Mayor goes over to the door and opens it. The Piper steps into the street and begins to play on his pipe. The people rush out of their homes. They watch the Piper as he passes through the streets with the rats following him down to the river. They shout and dance for joy when they see the rats tumble into the river.

SCENE IV

The Piper returned to the Town Hall to receive his thousand guilders.

The Mayor offered the Piper fifty.

The Piper refused to take fifty.

The Piper enters the Town Hall. He puts out his hand as if to say, "If you please, my thousand guilders." The Mayor laughs and shows him fifty

guilders, as if to say, "Come, take this." The Piper looks angry as he turns to the Mayor. He shows that he wants his money. The Mayor shakes his head as if to show that he will not pay it.

SCENE V

The Piper again stepped into the street and began to play.

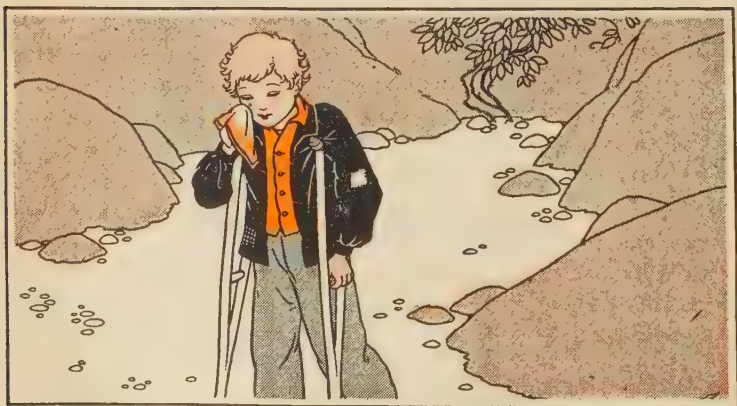


Out came the children running.
All the little boys and girls,
With rosy cheeks and flaxen curls,
And sparkling eyes and teeth like pearls,
Tripping and skipping, ran merrily after
The wonderful music with shouting and
laughter.



They followed the Piper to the mountain.
A door in the side of the mountain
opened. The Piper and the children passed
through, and they were never seen again.

The Piper stands in the middle of the street and blows his pipe. The Mayor and his council are standing in the doorway. The children come running out of their homes. They go skipping down the street after the Piper. The fathers and mothers try to stop them, but find that they are unable to move. They stand wringing their hands in grief, as they watch the Piper and the children pass through the door in the mountain side.



SCENE VI

One little lame boy, who was unable to keep up with the rest, returned.

He was crying because he wanted to go with the other children to the land where everyone is happy.

The little lame boy turns toward the town. He cries as he goes down the mountain side alone. Every now and then he looks back at the door in the mountain. As he comes nearer the town, the Mayor sees him and points him out to the other people. They all run to meet the boy. The Mayor seems to ask, "Where are the other children?" The little boy points back to the mountain. He seems to say: "They followed the wonderful music. It told of a land of

sunshine and flowers where everyone is happy." He begins to cry again as if to say, "I wanted to go with the children, but I could not keep up with them."

SCENE VII

The Mayor sent East, West, North, and
South,

To offer the Piper, by word of mouth,

Wherever it was men's lot to find him,
Silver and gold to his heart's content,

If he'd only return the way he went,

And bring the children behind him.



Never again did the people of Hamelin
Town see or hear of the Pied Piper, the
children, or the rats.

CINDERELLA

Once there was a gentleman who had one dear little daughter. The little girl's mother was dead. Her father married a proud and haughty woman who had two daughters of her own. These daughters were jealous of their little sister because of her beauty. They made her do the meanest work of the house. When her work was done, she used to go into the chimney corner and sit down among the cinders and ashes, so that her sisters called her Cinderella.

It happened that the king gave a grand ball. Cinderella's sisters were invited. How pleased they were to think that the king had asked them! For days they could talk of nothing but the

clothes they should wear and the grand people they should meet. At last the happy day came. The two sisters went to court. Cinderella watched them as their carriage drove away. When she lost sight of them, she began to cry.

Her fairy godmother found her in tears. "Should you like to go to the ball?" she asked.

"Yes," cried Cinderella with a sigh.

"Well," said the fairy godmother, "be a good girl and you shall go. Run quickly into the garden and bring me a pumpkin."

Cinderella could not imagine how a pumpkin could help her go to the ball, but she went at once to the garden and brought back the largest pumpkin she could find. The fairy godmother scooped



out the inside of it. Then she struck it with her wand, and the pumpkin was turned into a fine coach, gilded all over.

Then the fairy godmother went to look for the mouse trap. There were six mice in it. Cinderella lifted the door, and as each mouse ran out, the fairy touched it with her wand. The mice were changed into six beautiful horses.

After the godmother had changed a big rat into a coachman, she said: "Go again into the garden and you will find six lizards behind the watering pots. Bring them to me."

Cinderella had no sooner brought the lizards than the fairy godmother turned them into six footmen who skipped up behind the coach.

The fairy then said to Cinderella, "Are you not pleased with them?"

"Oh, yes," said Cinderella, "but must I go in these rags?"

The fairy godmother touched the little girl with her wand, and her clothes were turned into cloth of gold and silver, all covered with precious jewels. She then gave her a pair of glass slippers, the prettiest in the world.

Cinderella got up into the coach. Before she drove away, the fairy godmother warned her that she must leave the ball before midnight. "If you stay one minute longer," she said, "your coach will be a pumpkin again; your horses, mice; your coachman, a rat; your footmen, lizards; and your clothes as they were before."

Cinderella promised that she would leave the ball before midnight, and waved "Good-by" to the fairy god-mother as the coach rolled away.

The king's son, who had been told that a great princess had come, ran out to receive Cinderella. He gave her his hand as she stepped from the coach and led her into the hall among all the company. Everything became quiet as the prince and the beautiful princess went into the ballroom. Even the king and queen spoke of her beauty.

During the evening the prince danced only with Cinderella, and at the table he waited upon her himself. Cinderella's sisters were surprised when the beautiful princess came and sat down beside them. They were much pleased to

receive some of the oranges and citron which the prince had given to her.

The evening passed away quickly. A clock chimed three quarters past eleven. Cinderella thought of her promise. She arose, bowed to the company, and hurried away.

When Cinderella arrived home, she ran to thank her godmother and to tell her all about the ball. "Oh, dear godmother, it was lovely," she said. "There is to be another one tomorrow. I do wish that I could go!"

"You shall go tomorrow," said the fairy.

When the sisters came home they found Cinderella sitting among the cinders, waiting for them. "How long you have stayed!" she cried.



"If you had been at the ball, you would not have been tired with it," said one of the sisters. "A beautiful princess was there. She talked to us, and even gave us a part of the oranges and citron which the prince had given to her."

Cinderella asked, "What is her name?"

"We do not know," answered the sister. "Even the king's son does not know who she is. He would give the world to find out."

"She must be very beautiful indeed," said Cinderella. "How I should like to see her! Dear sister, will you lend me your yellow dress that I may go to the ball with you tomorrow?"

"What!" cried her sister. "Lend one of my dresses to a little cinder maid! Indeed I will not."

The next night, after the sisters had gone to the ball, Cinderella sat down in the chimney corner. Soon the fairy godmother came in, and it was not long before Cinderella was ready for the ball.

The hours flew by quickly. Cinderella was so happy that she forgot her promise to leave the ball before midnight. Suddenly she heard the clock strike and, looking up, saw that it was twelve o'clock. She fled from the room, dropping as she

went one of her little glass slippers. The prince hurried after her, but when he reached the door the beautiful princess was gone.

When the sisters arrived home, they found Cinderella sitting among the cinders.

"Was the beautiful princess at the ball this evening?" asked Cinderella.

"Yes," answered one of her sisters, "but the minute the clock began to strike twelve, she fled from the room, leaving one of her glass slippers behind her."

A few days later, the king sent messengers throughout the country to say that the prince would marry the one whose foot the glass slipper would fit.

When these messengers came to

Cinderella's home the slipper was tried on the older sisters, but would fit neither of them. Then Cinderella said, "May I try?"

The sisters laughed at her, but the messenger told her to sit down. As he put the slipper on her foot, Cinderella pulled the other from her pocket. Once more she wore the glass slippers, and once more the beautiful princess stood before them, as lovely as before. The sisters then begged Cinderella to forgive them for being so unkind to her. Cinderella put her arms around her sisters and told them that she loved them and wanted them to love her.

The prince took Cinderella with him to his palace, where they were married that very day.

A TEST

Read each sentence using the right group of words.

1. Cinderella was a name given to

a haughty woman.

a fairy godmother.

a dear little daughter.

2. Cinderella's sisters were invited to

the garden.

the king's ball.

the kitchen.

3. The pumpkin was turned into

a coachman.

a horse.

a carriage.

4. The mice were changed into
footmen.
coachmen.
horses.

5. Cinderella wore to the ball
a yellow dress.
her old clothes.
a dress of gold cloth.

6. The fairy godmother warned Cinderella that she must leave the ball
at eleven o'clock.
before midnight.
after midnight.

7. As Cinderella left the ball she lost
her wand.
one glass slipper.
some precious jewels.

8. The glass slipper was found by
the king's son.
the footman.
the king.

9. When the sisters arrived home,
they found Cinderella
in the garden.
among the cinders.
in the attic.

10. The prince took Cinderella with
him to
the country.
a grand ball.
his palace.

11. Cinderella's two sisters were
sorry for their unkindness.
angry with her.
filled with pity.



SNOW WHITE AND ROSE RED

There was once a poor widow who lived with her two children in a lonely cottage. The children were called Snow White and Rose Red, because they were so like the roses which grew in the cottage garden.

Both were very good children, but Snow White was more quiet and gentle.

Rose Red would run and jump about the meadow seeking flowers and catching butterflies while Snow White would stay at home to help her mother.

The two children loved each other dearly and always walked hand in hand when they went out together. As they walked along they would say, "We will never, never leave each other so long as we live."

Often they went deep into the forest and gathered berries, but no beast ever harmed them. The hare would eat from their hands, the fawn would graze at their side, the goat would frisk about them in play, and the birds would remain perched on the boughs as if no one were near. No harm ever happened to them. If they stayed late in the

forest and night came upon them, they would lie down on the moss and sleep till morning. Their mother did not worry about them, because she knew that they were safe.

Once, when they had stayed in the forest all night and the morning sun awoke them, they saw a beautiful child dressed in shining white sitting near them. He got up and looked at them kindly, but without saying anything went into the forest. When the children looked around, they saw that where they had slept was close to the edge of a pit into which they would have fallen if they had walked a few steps farther in the dark. Their mother told them that they had seen the guardian angel who watches over children.

Snow White and Rose Red kept their mother's cottage so clean that it was a pleasure to enter it. Every morning in the summer Rose Red would first put the house in order and then gather flowers for her mother. She always remembered to pick a bud from each rose-bush. In winter Snow White would light the fire and put the kettle on to boil. In the evening, when the snowflakes were falling, the mother would say, "Go, Snow White, and bolt the door." Then they used to sit near the fireplace, and the mother would read to them out of a great book while the children sat spinning. By their side, too, lay a little lamb, and on a perch behind them a white dove sat with her head under her wing.

One evening, when they were sitting together, they heard a knock at the door. "Make haste, Rose Red," cried her mother. "Make haste and open the door. Perhaps there is someone outside who needs shelter."

So Rose Red opened the door, expecting to see some poor man outside, but instead a great fat bear poked in his black head. Rose Red shrieked and ran back. The little lamb bleated, the dove fluttered on her perch, and Snow White hid behind her mother. The bear began to speak. He said: "Be not afraid. I will do you no harm. I am half frozen and wish to come in and warm myself."

"Poor bear!" cried the mother. "Come in and lie down before the fire. Take care not to burn your fur. Come,



Rose Red. Come, Snow White. The bear will not harm you.”

The children came back. Soon the lamb and the dove forgot their fear and went to sleep again.

“Children,” said the bear before he entered, “come and brush the snow off my coat.”

The children ran for their brooms and swept the snow from the bear’s fur. Then the bear, grunting now and then

to show how pleased he was, stretched himself before the fire.

In a short time Snow White and Rose Red had lost all fear of their strange guest and even began to play with him. They jumped on his back, rolled him over on the floor, and pulled his long shaggy fur. When the bear growled the children only laughed.

When bedtime came and the children said "Good night," the mother said to the bear: "You may sleep here by the fireplace if you like. You will be safely sheltered from the cold and bad weather."

As soon as day came, the two children let the bear out again, and he trotted away over the snow. After this he came to the house every evening at the same hour. He would lie down

by the fireplace and let the children play with him as much as they liked. They became so used to him that the door was left unbolted till their black friend had arrived. The children were always glad to see him.

One morning, when spring had returned and everything out of doors was green again, the bear told Snow White that he must go away and that she would not see him during the whole summer.

"Where are you going, dear bear?" asked Snow White.

"I must go into the forest and guard my treasures from the dwarfs. In winter, when the ground is hard with frost, they stay in their holes and cannot come out; but now, since the sun has thawed and warmed the earth, the

dwarfs break through and steal all they can find.”

Snow White was sad when she opened the door for the bear. As he passed out, the latch tore off a little piece of his fur. Through the hole which was made in his coat Snow White thought that she saw the glittering of gold. The bear ran away quickly and was soon hidden among the trees in the forest.

Some time afterward the mother sent the children into the wood to gather sticks. They came to a tree which was lying across the path, on the trunk of which something kept bobbing up and down from the grass. When the children came nearer they saw a dwarf with an old wrinkled face and a

snow-white beard a yard long. The end of this beard was caught in the bark of the tree. The little man kept jumping about like a dog tied by a chain, for he did not know how to free himself.

The dwarf looked at the girls with red, fiery eyes and said: "Why do you stand there? Are you going to pass without offering to help me?"

"What have you done, little man?" asked Rose Red.

"You stupid goose," he said. "I wanted to split some wood for my kitchen. My beautiful beard is caught in the bark and I cannot get away."

The children tried to pull out the little man's beard, but they could not. "I will run and call for help," said Rose Red at last.

"No, no!" yelled the dwarf. "Why are you going to call other people? You are two too many for me now. Can you think of nothing else?"

"I have thought of something," said Snow White, and pulling her scissors out of her pocket, she cut off the end of the beard.

When the dwarf found himself free he snatched up a sack full of gold from the ground and marched off. Grumbling and groaning and crying he called, "Stupid people, to cut off a piece of my beautiful beard!" And he went away without once looking at the children.

Not long after this, Snow White and Rose Red went fishing. As they neared the pond they saw something like a great locust hopping about on the bank.

They ran up and found the dwarf. "What are you doing?" asked Rose Red. "You will fall into the water."

"I am not quite so foolish as that," answered the dwarf, "but do you not see that this fish will pull me in?" The little man had been fishing. The wind had snarled his beard with the fishing line, and now a great fish was pulling him into the water.

The little girls tried to free him, but they could not. So Snow White took out her scissors and cut off another piece of the dwarf's beard.

The dwarf became very angry. He screamed and shouted after the children. Then, taking up a bag of pearls which lay on the ground, he slipped away and hid behind a stone.



Not many days afterward, the mother sent Snow White and Rose Red to the next town to buy thread, needles, and pins. Their road lay across a field on which pieces of rock were scattered about. Over their heads they saw a great bird flying round and round, and knew that it was an eagle. Now and then it came nearer, till at last it flew down behind a rock. All at once they

heard a loud shriek, and running up they saw that the eagle had caught the dwarf and was trying to carry him off. The children held the little man fast till the bird gave up and flew away. When the dwarf had recovered from his fright he said in his squeaking voice, "Could you not hold me more gently?" With these words he shouldered a bag filled with precious stones and slipped away to his cave among the rocks.

Snow White and Rose Red hurried away. On their return from the town they happened to meet the dwarf again. Thinking that no one was near he had emptied his bag of precious stones on the ground. The sun was shining on them and the stones glittered so brightly that the children stopped to admire them.

"What are you standing there gaping for?" asked the dwarf, while his face grew red with rage.

As the dwarf spoke a loud roaring noise was heard, and a great black bear came rolling out of the forest. The dwarf jumped up in great fright, but he could not get away from the bear.

"Spare me, my dear bear!" he cried. "I will give you all my treasures. See all these precious stones which lie here! Only give me my life. What have you to fear from a weak little fellow like me? There are two wicked girls; take them, but please spare me."

The bear did not trouble himself to speak, but with his paw he gave the dwarf a single blow, after which he did not stir.



The children were going to run away, but the bear called after them: "Snow White, Rose Red, fear not! Wait, and I will go with you."

They knew his voice and stopped. When the bear came near them, his rough coat suddenly fell off and he stood up, a tall man dressed all in gold.

"I am a king's son," said the man. "The wicked dwarf stole all my treasures. Then he told me that I must wander about in this forest in the form of a bear until his death should free me."

They went home. Snow White was married to the prince and Rose Red was married to his brother. Their mother came and lived for many happy years with her two children.

The rosebushes which had stood before the cottage were planted now before the palace, and every year they bore the same beautiful red and white roses.

German Folk Tale

PUT IN THE RIGHT WORD

1. A poor widow lived in a lonely ____.
2. The children were called ____ and ____.
3. No beast ever ____ them.
4. One evening they heard a ____ at the door.
5. A great fat ____ poked in his black head.
6. The children swept the ____ from his fur.
7. When the bear ____ the children only ____.
8. The bear told Snow White that he must ____.
9. The dwarf emptied his bag of ____ on the ground.

10. The _____ looked at the girls with red, fiery eyes.

11. Snow White cut off a piece of the dwarf's _____.

12. A great _____ was pulling the dwarf into the water.

13. The mother sent the children to the next town to buy _____, _____, and _____.

14. An _____ had caught the _____ and was trying to carry him off.

15. A great black _____ came rolling out of the forest.

16. The bear gave the dwarf a _____ with his paw.

17. I am a _____ son.

18. The dwarf stole my _____.

19. The _____ were planted before the palace.

THE SHADOWS

All up and down in shadow town
The shadow children go;
In every street you're sure to meet
Them running to and fro.
They move around without a sound,
They play at hide-and-seek,
But no one yet that I have met
Has ever heard them speak.
Beneath the tree you often see
Them dancing in and out,
And in the sun there's always one
To follow you about.
Go where you will, he follows still,
Or sometimes runs before,
And, home at last, you'll find him fast
Beside you at the door.

FRANK DEMPSTER SHERMAN



THE CHRYSANTHEMUM

In far-away Japan there once lived a poor woman. All day long she worked in the rice fields, for her husband was dead and she had to keep her three children from starving. At night the poor, tired mother returned to her little hut.

Every evening the children watched for her. When they saw her coming they ran to set up the four little tables for supper. After supper the tables were

put away, the screens drawn aside, and the beds rolled out on the floor. Then the mother told the children wonderful stories of Japan and of the Japanese people until bedtime.

One evening, when the mother came home, the tables had been set up as usual, but the tiny cups, the bowls, and the plates were empty. There was no food in the house except three dry rice cakes, which the mother gave to her little ones.

"Dear children," said the mother, "I am afraid you must go to bed hungry tonight."

The children were very brave. They smiled and tried to be as cheerful as hungry children could be. Later, when the mother stooped over their little

beds, she saw tears glistening on the baby's cheek.

"Poor, dear babies!" she whispered tenderly. "I will pray for help. I must find food and clothes for my little ones. The cold winter days will soon be here. Even now the wind and the rain sweep in through the cracks."

As the mother knelt beside the sleeping children, she heard a child's voice. It seemed to come from outside the door.

"Oh, I am so cold!" it cried. "Please let me in."

The mother moved the screen back very quickly. There stood a little boy, all ragged and shivering. He was crying pitifully.

"Please take me in," he begged. "I am so cold and hungry."

The good mother took the little boy in her arms and carried him into the room. She rubbed his hands and feet until they began to feel warm. Then she gave him the last piece of rice cake. She wrapped him in an old coat and laid him on the bed beside her own little ones.

The poor mother sat down on the floor and listened to the rain. She was so tired that she rested her head against the side of the screen and was soon fast asleep.

Suddenly she awoke. The room was warm and cozy. She looked about. Was she dreaming? No, she was wide awake. Surely some good fairy had been at work while she was sleeping. There in the middle of the room stood four tiny

tables. On each table she saw a tiny cup of tea, a bowl of steaming rice, and some little cakes. The happy mother ran to awaken the children.

"Come, my children!" she called.
"Come and see what has happened."

Then the mother went to call the little stranger. He was gone.

"Oh!" she cried. "Perhaps he has wandered out in the storm. I will call him back."

She ran to the door. No little child could be seen. But there, where he had stood begging for shelter, was a beautiful plant filled with many pure white blossoms.

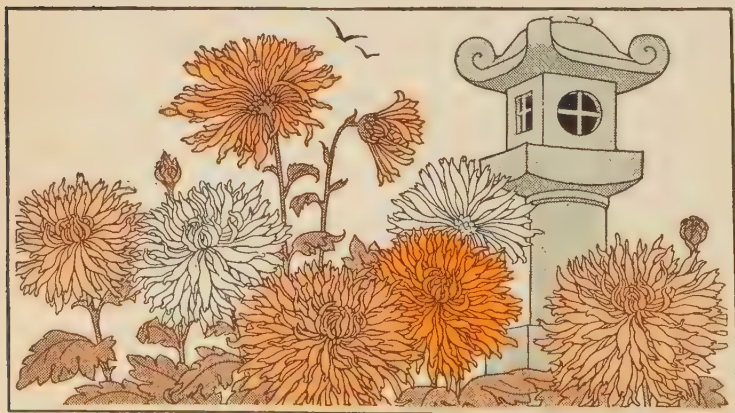
While the good mother and her children were gazing at the lovely plant, they heard a voice from the clouds. It

said: "Take this plant and care for it. It will bring you both food and happiness."

Slowly the mother picked up the plant. She knew that the little child whom she had sheltered must have come from Heaven. No one else could have made the flowers blossom in winter.

"We will name it the chrysanthemum," said the mother, "because it was sent by the Christ Child from Heaven."

The chrysanthemums did indeed bring



food and happiness to the good mother and her three little children.

Every year, in the month of November, the gardens of Japan are filled with beautiful chrysanthemums; some with pure white blossoms, others with red, purple, yellow, and dainty pink blossoms. Every year, as the Japanese mothers walk with their children through the garden, they tell them the story of the mother who sheltered the Christ Child.

Japanese Legend



THE MIRACULOUS MEDAL

Sister Catherine Laboure was born of pious parents on the second of May, 1806, in a little village of France. In her earliest years this little peasant girl learned to love Our Blessed Mother. When she was eight years old, her own mother died. After that it seemed to the little girl that she wanted Mary to be her only mother.

At the age of eighteen Catherine went to Paris, where she became a Sister of Charity. Her love of Our Blessed Mother grew day by day, and she longed and prayed to see her.

One night, shortly after she had gone to bed, she heard her name called clearly three times. Sister Catherine sat up and

drew aside the curtains of the bed. There she saw a beautiful child about three or four years old. He was dressed in white, and a bright light shone around him.

"Come," he said, "come to the chapel. The Blessed Mother awaits you. Have no fear. It is half past eleven. All are asleep. I will go with you."

At these words Sister Catherine arose, dressed quickly, and followed the child. She was surprised to find the halls lighted all along the way. Her surprise was still greater on seeing the door of the chapel open at the child's touch. He led her to the foot of the altar. After a few minutes the child said, "Behold, see the Blessed Virgin!"

A most beautiful lady, dressed in

white and gold and wearing a long blue veil, came and seated herself in a chair near Sister Catherine.

Sister Catherine, filled with wonder and joy, knelt at her feet and clasped her hands on Our Lady's knees, like a child beside her mother.

Our Blessed Mother said: "My child, I want you to do something for me. You will find it very hard, but never fear, I will help you."

Our Blessed Mother told the little girl about many things that were to happen in France, her own country. Then she vanished like a shadow.

When Sister Catherine arose from her knees, she saw that the child who had brought her to the chapel was waiting. He said, "She is gone." Then he



OUR LADY OF THE MIRACULOUS MEDAL

led her back to the place from which they had come. Sister Catherine felt sure that the child was her guardian angel.

It was on November 27, early in the evening, that Sister Catherine saw Our Lady again. Our Blessed Mother was standing on a globe. Her face was beautiful. From her hands came streams of light. An oval frame formed around the Blessed Virgin, and these words were in golden letters. "O Mary, conceived without sin, pray for us who have recourse to thee!"

As Sister Catherine looked in wonder at this beautiful picture it turned. She saw on the other side the letter M with a cross above it. At the foot of the cross was a bar. Below all were two

hearts, — the Heart of Jesus crowned with thorns, and the Heart of Mary pierced with a sword.

A voice said to her: "Have a medal struck after this model. Persons who wear it indulgenced will receive great graces, especially if they wear it around the neck."

Two years later, in 1832, the first medals were made. Thousands of them were carried to all parts of the world. So many persons were cured through Our Lady's help that the medal was soon called the "Miraculous Medal."

Our Blessed Mother loves to see her medal worn around the necks of little children. She longs to hear them say, "O Mary, conceived without sin, pray for us who have recourse to thee!"

A WORD GAME

man	fish	ache
puff	light	walk
mother	jay	stick
house	ball	plane
cast	field	tie

1. Put cream with _____ and make
_____.
2. Put tooth with _____ and make
_____.
3. Put blue with _____ and make
_____.
4. Put play with _____ and make
_____.
5. Put side with _____ and make
_____.
6. Put corn with _____ and make
_____.

7. Put foot with _____ and make
_____.

8. Put grand with _____ and make
_____.

9. Put snow with _____ and make
_____.

10. Put drum with _____ and make
_____.

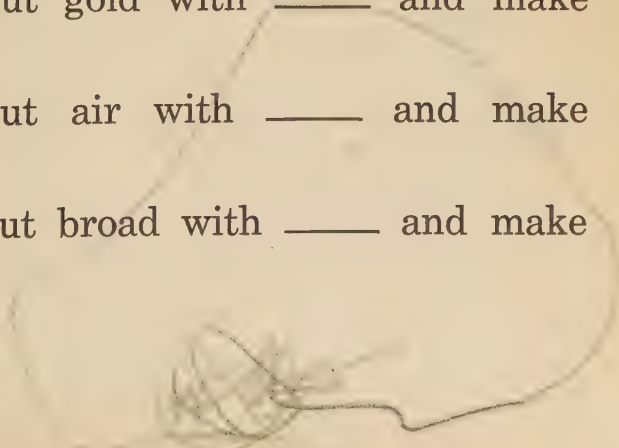
11. Put day with _____ and make
_____.

12. Put neck with _____ and make
_____.

13. Put gold with _____ and make
_____.

14. Put air with _____ and make
_____.

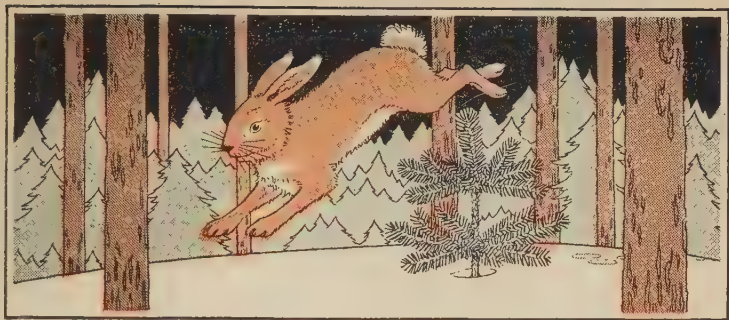
15. Put broad with _____ and make
_____.



OPPOSITES

Find the word which is the opposite of the black word in each line.

- | | |
|--------------|------------------------|
| 1. selfish | generous, kind, strong |
| 2. light | clear, shadowy, dark |
| 3. strong | weak, sick, broken |
| 4. graceful | light, awkward, easy |
| 5. beautiful | ugly, fine, handsome |
| 6. slender | tall, fair, stout |
| 7. polite | correct, cruel, rude |
| 8. joyful | young, happy, sad |
| 9. gentle | mild, severe, hard |
| 10. sharp | dull, pointed, round |
| 11. full | dry, empty, wet |
| 12. stupid | good, clever, fair |
| 13. true | wrong, false, correct |
| 14. yes | no, surely, none |
| 15. fresh | faded, stale, old |



THE FIR TREE — I

Far away in the forest, where the warm sun and the fresh air made a sweet resting place, grew a pretty little fir tree. The place was all that one could wish for. Yet the tree was not happy. It wanted to be like the tall pines and firs which grew around it.

The sun shone, and the soft air fluttered the leaves of the trees. Little children passed by, but the fir tree took no notice of them.

Sometimes the children would bring a large basket of strawberries or raspberries and sit down near the fir tree. "Is it not a pretty little tree?" they would say. This made the fir tree feel more unhappy than before.

Every year the fir tree grew a notch, or joint. One can always tell how old a fir tree is by the number of joints it has in its stem.

"Oh, how I wish that I were as tall as the other trees!" sighed the little fir. "Then I would spread my branches on every side, and my crown would overlook the wide world around. The birds would build their nests on my branches, and when the wind blew I should bow like my tall companions."

In the winter, when the snow lay

white and glittering on the ground, a little rabbit would come hopping along and jump right over the little tree's head. The tree did not like this. Two winters passed. When the third winter came the little tree had grown so tall that the rabbit had to run around it. Still the tree was not content and would often say: "Oh, to grow, to grow! If I could only keep on growing tall and old! There is nothing else worth caring for in the world."

In the autumn woodcutters came and cut down some of the tallest trees. After the branches were cut off, the trunks looked very slender and bare. They were then placed upon wagons and drawn by horses out of the forest. Where could they be going? What

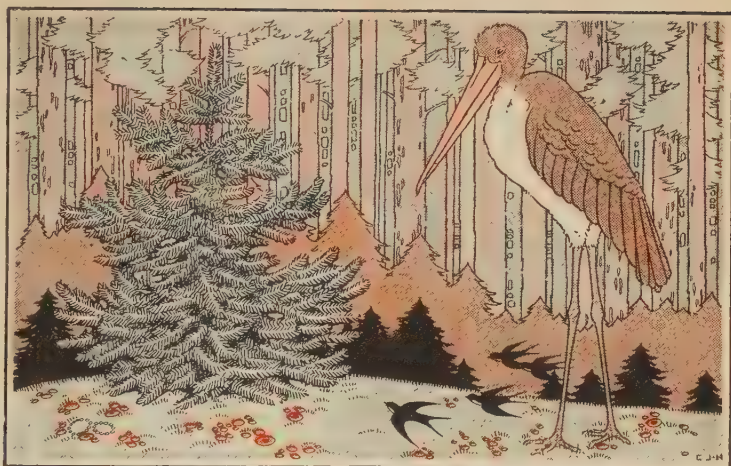
would become of them? The young fir tree wished very much to know.

In the spring, when the swallows and the storks came, the fir tree asked: "Do you know where those trees were taken? Did you meet them?"

The swallows did not know, but the stork nodded and said: "Yes, I think I do. As I flew from Egypt, I met many ships. On these ships were fine new masts. They had the same smell that firs have. These must have been the trees."

"Oh, how I wish I were tall enough to go on the sea!" said the fir. "Tell me, what is this sea and what does it look like?"

"It would take too long to tell you," said the stork, flying quickly away.



The sunbeams looked down on the unhappy little tree and said: "Be glad in your youth. Be glad in your fresh growth and in the young life that is in you."

The wind kissed the tree, and the dew watered it with tears, but the little fir tree was not content.

"Oh! to grow, to grow!" it sighed; "if I could only keep on growing!"

THE FIR TREE — II

Christmas time drew near, and many young trees were cut down. Some were even smaller than the fir tree that so longed to leave the forest. These beautiful young trees kept their branches. Like the tall trees they were placed on wagons and drawn by horses far away out of the forest.

"Where are they going?" asked the fir tree. "They are no taller than I am. Indeed, one is not so tall. Why do they keep all their branches? Where are they going?"

"We know, we know," sang the sparrows. "We have looked in at the windows of the houses in the town. We have seen all the trees dressed up in

the most splendid manner. We have seen them standing in the middle of a warm room. Their branches were covered with all kinds of beautiful things — honey cakes, gilded apples, playthings, and hundreds of lighted candles.”

“And then,” asked the fir tree, trembling in all its branches, “and then what happened?”

“We did not see any more,” said the sparrows, “but that was enough for us.”

“I wonder if anything so great will ever happen to me,” thought the fir tree. “It would be better even than crossing the sea. Oh, when will Christmas be here? I am now as tall and well-grown as those that were taken away last year. Oh, that I were laid on a wagon or standing in a warm

room with all that brightness around me! Something better and more beautiful is to come. Yes, what follows will be grander. What can it be? Oh, what can it be?"

"Be glad in our love," said the air and the sunshine. "Enjoy your own bright life in the forest."

But the tree would not be glad, though it grew taller every day. Winter and summer it stood there—green, dark green. People who passed by looked at it and said, "What a beautiful tree!"

A short time before the next Christmas, the little fir tree was the first to be cut down. Now it forgot all its dreams of happiness. It felt sad at leaving its home in the forest. It knew that it should never again see its dear

old companions—the trees, and the bushes, and the many-colored flowers that grew by its side. Perhaps it would never see the birds again. It was not a pleasant thought.

“We want this one. This is beautiful,” the fir tree heard someone say as it was lifted from the wagon. Two servants came and carried it into a large room. It was placed in a tub of sand. A green cloth covered the tub so that no one knew what it was. Oh, how the little tree trembled! Some young women came in, and they trimmed the tree.

From every branch were hung gilded apples and walnuts, as if they had grown there. Hundreds of red, blue, and white candles were fastened to the tree. Dolls, exactly like real men and

women, peeped from under the green boughs. At the very top was placed a star made of gold tinsel.

“How bright it will be this evening!” said the young women.

“Oh, I wish it were evening and the candles lighted,” thought the fir tree. “Then I shall know what is going to happen. Will the trees of the forest come to see me? Will the sparrows peep in at the windows? Shall I grow faster here than in the forest? Shall I keep these beautiful things on all summer and winter?” The poor little fir tree grew tired of guessing.

Evening came at last. The candles were lighted. The folding doors were opened, and in rushed a crowd of children. For a moment they stood still

and gazed at the tree, then they shouted and danced for joy.

"What are they doing? What will happen next?" thought the tree.

The presents were taken from the tree and given to the children. The candles burned down to the twigs and were put out. Then the children were told that they might have what they could find left on the tree. Oh, how they rushed upon it! It would have fallen if it had not been fastened with the star to the ceiling. The children danced around with their pretty toys, and the tree was forgotten.

"A story, a story!" cried the children, pulling a little fat man toward the tree.

The old man told them the story of Humpty Dumpty. The little fir tree



stood very still. Never had the birds in the forest told such stories as that of Humpty Dumpty.

THE FIR TREE — III

In the morning the servants came in. "Now," thought the fir tree, "all my splendor is going to begin again." But the servants dragged him upstairs to the attic and threw him on the floor in a dark corner and left him there.

Days and nights passed and no one came near the lonely little fir tree. "It is winter now," thought the tree, "the ground is hard and covered with snow, so that people cannot plant me. I shall be sheltered here until the spring. How kind everyone is to me! But I wish this place were not so dark and lonely. How pleasant it was out in the forest while the snow lay on the ground! The hare would run by and even jump over me, although I did not like it then. Oh, it is so lonely here!"

Some little mice crept close to the tree. "Where did you come from?" asked the mice. "What do you know? Have you seen the most beautiful places in the world, and can you tell us all about them?"

"I know the wood where the sun shines and the birds sing," said the fir tree. Then he told them about his home in the forest, and all about Christmas Eve when he had been dressed up with cakes and lights and beautiful things. He told them the story of Humpty Dumpty. But the mice did not like that story, so they did not come again.

One morning people came to clean the attic. The boxes were packed away. The tree was pulled out of the corner and thrown roughly on the floor. The servants carried it downstairs and left it in the yard. The tree was happy now that it could look about. There was so much to be seen!

The yard was close to a garden where flowers were blooming. Fresh

and sweet roses hung over the little fence. The linden trees were in blossom, while swallows flew here and there, crying, "Twit, twit, twit."

"Now I shall live," cried the tree joyfully, spreading out its branches. But alas! they were all withered and yellow. The tree lay in a corner among weeds and nettles. The gold star was still at the top of the tree, and it glittered in the sunshine.

Two of the children who had danced around the Christmas tree were playing in the garden. One of them saw the gold star and ran and pulled it off.

"Look what is still on the ugly old fir tree," said the child, trampling on the branches until they cracked under his boots.

The tree saw all the fresh, bright flowers in the garden. Then it looked at itself and wished that it had stayed in the dark corner in the attic. It thought of its fresh youth in the forest, of the merry Christmas evening, of the little mice who had listened to the story of Humpty Dumpty.

“Past, past!” said the poor tree. “Oh, had I but enjoyed myself while I could have done so! Now it is too late.”

A boy came and chopped the tree into small pieces till a large bundle lay in a heap on the ground. The pieces were placed on a fire. They blazed up quickly and brightly. The tree sighed so deeply that each sigh was like a little shot.

The children came and sat down in

front of the fire. They looked at it and cried, "Pop, pop!" At each "pop," which was a deep sigh, the tree was thinking of a summer day in the forest, or of some winter night there when the stars shone brightly, and of Christmas Eve, and of Humpty Dumpty, — the only story it had ever heard or knew how to tell, — till at last the tree was burned.

The boys still played in the garden. The youngest wore on his breast the golden star with which the tree had been decorated during the happiest evening of its life.

HANS CHRISTIAN ANDERSEN (*Adapted*)

THE FIR TREE¹

I heard the mother fir tree say
All in the wood a summer day,
"Children, if you're straight and good
In the wood,
You shall grow at last to be
A Christmas tree!"

And O, the small trees heard
Every single word,
And the little stars shone down to light
The limbs like Christmas night,
And so all year they stood
Straight and good;
And then we brought one here to be
Our shining Christmas tree.

ANNETTE WYNNE

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SAINT CHRISTOPHER

There was once a giant who was very proud of his size and strength. His name was Offero.

He said, "I will serve no other than the greatest and most powerful of kings."

So he traveled from one country to another until he came to a land ruled by a powerful king. But Offero did not serve him long. One day a man sang before the king. In the song he often named the Evil One. Every time the king heard the name of Satan, he seemed frightened and made the Sign of the Cross.

"Why do you do that, O king?" asked Offero boldly.

"To save myself from the power of Satan," answered the king.

"Who is Satan?" asked Offero.

"He is a wicked and powerful ruler," answered the king.

"Has he more power than you?" said Offero.

"Yes," answered the king.

"Do you fear him?" asked Offero.

"I do," said the king.

"Then," said Offero, "he is mightier and greater than you. I will seek him. He shall be my master. I must serve the mightiest and greatest king of all the world."

So Offero left the king and began his search for Satan. One day, as he was crossing the desert, he saw a great company of knights. One of them, mounted upon a black horse, came up to him and said, "Where are you going?"

"I seek Satan, for he is mighty," answered Offero.

"I am he," said the knight.

So Offero joined Satan's wild band. One day, as they were marching along, they came to a cross by the wayside. When Satan saw the cross he was afraid. He turned quickly aside and fled toward the desert. Offero followed him and asked: "Why are you troubled? Are you afraid of the cross?"

Satan did not answer. Then Offero said to him, "If you do not tell me, I will leave your band."

"Have you not heard of Christ, Who suffered on the cross?" asked Satan. "Whenever I see His sign I am afraid and flee from it."

"If you are afraid of His sign," said

Offero, "He is more powerful than you. I see that I have not yet found the greatest king in the world. I will serve you no longer, for I go to seek Christ."

Offero traveled from place to place, seeking Christ. At last he came to a hermit in the desert. Offero asked him: "Where shall I find Jesus Christ? I wish to serve Him."

"It is not hard to serve Christ," said the hermit. "I serve Him by fasting and prayers."

"I cannot go without food," said the giant. "I should lose my strength. And I cannot pray, for no one has ever taught me how to pray."

"God has given you great size and strength," said the hermit. "Use these gifts for Him."

"How can I do this?" asked Offero.

"Not far from here is a deep river. It is often swelled by the rains. Many have lost their lives in trying to cross it," said the hermit.

"I know the river well," said Offero.

"Use your strength to save those who try to cross the stream. Christ will be pleased with this work. If I mistake not, sometime He will come to you."

Offero went to the river and upon its banks he built himself a little hut of reeds. He pulled up a palm tree from the forest and used it to guide his steps. He carried the weak on his shoulders across the stream. He helped those who were about to sink. Day and night he was always ready to save those in danger. Still he saw nothing of Christ.

One night there was a great storm and the river was very high. Tired with his labors, Offero had flung himself down on his bed to sleep when he heard the voice of a child calling to him, "Offero, Offero, come and carry me across."

Offero arose and went out from his hut, but he could see no one. He had no sooner returned to the house than he heard the same voice. He ran out again, but found no one. A third time he heard the call, and going out again into the storm he found a fair young Child standing on the bank of the river.

"Will you please carry me over the river, Offero?" begged the Child.

The giant gently lifted the Child onto his shoulders, took his staff, and stepped into the stream. As he waded through



SAINT CHRISTOPHER
From a painting by Titian

the water, the Child on his back seemed to grow heavier. The giant began to fear that he should sink. Already his strength was nearly gone, but he thought of the Master Whom he had not yet seen. Staying his footsteps with his staff, he struggled on. At last he reached the opposite shore. Suddenly the storm ceased and the waters became calm.

Offero, setting the Child down, said: "Who are you, Child? If I had carried the whole world on my shoulders, it would not have been heavier."

"Offero," answered the Child, "do not wonder, but be glad. You have carried not only the world, but Him Who made the world. I am Christ, the King Whom you serve. That you may know what I say to be true, set your staff in the

earth by your hut. In the morning you shall see that it bears flowers and fruit. From now on you shall be called Christopher, which means Christ Bearer." Then the Child vanished.

Christopher planted his staff in the earth near his hut. In the morning he found it covered with leaves and flowers and dates. Christopher was sure now that it was Christ Whom he had carried through the waters, and he was glad that he had found his Master.

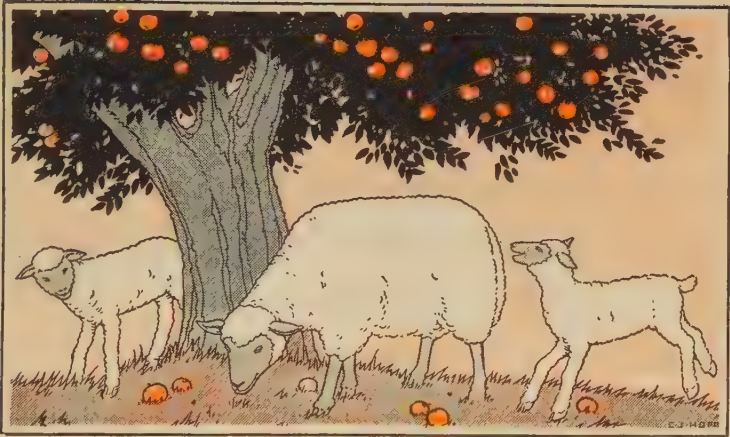
From that day Christopher served Christ faithfully. He became a great saint. Medals and pictures of this great saint are often placed in automobiles and airplanes, that he may carry those who travel as safely as he once carried the Christ Child.

A LITTLE CALENDAR¹

January's new,
February's cold,
March is puffing, blowing too,
April's good as gold;
May's a child of happy face,
Laughter, love, and every grace;
June dreams all the day;
July's for liberty;
August is too hot for play;
September's glorious to see,
October is a ruddy time,
November winds are drear,
December means Old Santa Claus
Will soon be here!

ANNETTE WYNNE

¹ Reprinted by permission from "For Days and Days: A Year-round Treasury of Verse for Children" by Annette Wynne. Copyright, 1919, by Frederick A. Stokes Company.



SHEEP

Long ago sheep lived in the mountains, where they gathered together in great flocks. Each flock had its own leader, that warned the others of coming danger. Their only means of escape was by flight. They had wonderful powers of climbing and leaping. Now sheep are found in nearly every country in the world.

In size and shape sheep look like large dogs. They have a coat of thick wool which is white, brown, or black in color. Sheep are able to move their ears so that they can hear well and can tell the direction from which sounds come.

The eyes of a sheep are very much like those of a cat. In the light the pupils are narrow slits, but in the dark they become very large. The nose is pointed. Some sheep have horns, which are rough and curled. Their legs are short and thin below the ankles. There are two toes on each foot. The animal walks on his toenails.

The teeth of the sheep fit closely together in front. With these sharp front teeth the sheep can cut the grass off

very short. Where great flocks of sheep have grazed, a desert is left behind them.

The winter home of sheep is called a sheephouse or fold. In the summer they live out of doors.

The food of sheep is grass, hay, and clover. They also like such vegetables as beans, turnips, and carrots. They must have salt. Although sheep can go without water longer than most farm animals, they drink from two to four quarts a day even in cold weather. They like to drink from a running brook. Sheep are easily cared for. They will find food where cattle would starve.

The sheep is one of the most useful of animals. The wool is used for clothing, the flesh for food, and from the skin

are made gloves, book covers, rugs, and linings for coats.

Baby sheep under one year old are called lambs. Lambs are playful and love their mothers. Young lambs seem to be all legs. They will follow the flock when only two days old. Before they are a month old, lambs are able to travel four or five miles a day, often falling asleep on their feet and tottering forward along the path. Older lambs play games which help them to become useful to the flock. "Follow my leader" is a game which little lambs like to play as well as little boys. The lambs follow the leader over logs, stones, and even across brooks. This training in running and leaping has often saved the lives of sheep. In another game one lamb climbs

to the top of a large rock. The others gather around him and try to push him off. The one who can do this climbs to the rock and is "it."

Sheep are very timid. When not in danger they keep up a gentle bleating to let the others know where they are. In times of danger they are quiet. During a storm they crowd together. If the snow is falling, they move round in a circle. In this way they do not get lost.

Perhaps no other animal has the patience, meekness, and gentleness of sheep. It is said that they are very fond of music. In some countries where shepherds still lead their flocks, they may be seen following quietly while their leader is blowing a few sweet notes upon his flute.

A SENTENCE GAME

1. Find a sentence which tells the size and shape of sheep.

2. Find a sentence which tells the colors of the wool.

3. Find a sentence which tells what sheep do to protect themselves during a storm.

4. Find a sentence which tells about their winter home.

5. Find a sentence which tells that the sheep is a very useful animal.

6. Find a sentence which shows that lambs are playful.

7. Find a sentence which tells whether or not sheep follow a leader.

8. Find a sentence which tells the kinds of food sheep like.



THE SHEEP

"Lazy sheep, pray tell me why
In the grassy fields you lie,
Eating grass and daisies white,
From the morning till the night?
Everything can something do,
But what kind of use are you?"

"Nay, my little master, nay,
Do not serve me so, I pray;

Don't you see the wool that grows
On my back to make you clothes?
Cold, ah! very cold you'd get
If I did not give you it.

"Sure, it seems a pleasant thing
To nip the daisies in the spring,
But many chilly nights I pass
On the cold and dewy grass,
Or pick a scanty dinner where
All the common's brown and bare.

"Then the farmer comes at last,
When the merry spring is past,
And cuts my woolly coat away
To warm you in the winter's day;
Little master, this is why
In the grassy fields I lie."

ANN TAYLOR

WOOL

The wool which grows on sheep is used to make cloth. Since most of our winter clothing is made of wool, the raising of sheep is important.

A sheep that is well cared for will give from eight to twelve pounds of wool each year. A prize sheep may give as much as forty pounds. The sheep's woolly coat keeps it warm during the winter. When the warm weather comes the sheep are glad to lose their thick covering. Springtime is shearing time.

The wool, just after it is shorn from the sheep, is called a fleece. It is cut off, or sheared, by hand or machinery. When the shearing is done by hand, the man who does the work puts the sheep's

head on his knees. At first the sheep may try to get away. When it finds that it cannot get away, it lies quietly while the big shears cut off the wool.

On the ranches where thousands of sheep are raised, the shearing is done by machinery. Shearing machines are arranged on both sides of a large room. A man stands at each machine. The man holds the sheep down while he runs the large clipper over its body.

This clipper is much like that which the barber uses in cutting hair. It is fastened to a tube and is run by electricity. It cuts the wool off very close, but does not injure the sheep. One man can shear about a hundred sheep a day. He is paid for each fleece he shears. Wool is sold by the pound.

Shearing is done in the springtime so that a new coat may grow before the cold weather comes. Lambs are sheared when they are about eight months old. A lamb's fleece is worth more than that of a sheep.

When the sheep come for shearing, they are a dirty gray in color. After they are shorn, they look as if they were clothed in coats of white velvet. They seem to feel light and cool as they frolic about in the meadow.

Wool is not all of the same length, nor of the same grade, for some is fine and some coarse. It needs to be sorted. This is done at the mill. After the sorting, the wool is placed in a huge tank, filled with water and plenty of washing powder, where it is washed. It is moved

around in this washer until all the grease and dirt are washed out. Then it is run into a tub of clear water and rinsed. The water is pressed out by means of rollers, and the wool is dried by fans. The dry wool is put into a large tank of dye, where it is boiled for two hours. It is ready then to be spun into thread. The thread is woven into cloth.

Clothing made of wool keeps in the heat of the body. Heat will not easily pass through woolen garments.

Boys and girls dressed in woolen clothing can play out of doors as well as sheep and lambs, even in very cold weather.

COMPLETE THESE SENTENCES

1. Most of our winter clothing is made of _____.

2. Shearing is done in the _____.

3. The wool, just after it is _____, is called a _____.

4. The fleece is a dirty _____ color.

5. A man can shear from _____ to _____ sheep a day by machinery.

6. A _____ is sheared when it is eight months old.

7. The wool is sent to the _____ to be sorted.

8. At the mill, the wool is _____, _____, and _____.

9. A sheep will give from _____ to _____ pounds of wool each _____.



OUR LADY OF LOURDES APPEARING TO BERNADETTE

OUR LADY OF LOURDES

The story of Bernadette of Lourdes is one of the most beautiful of all stories.

Lourdes is a little town in the south of France. It was there that Bernadette lived. As a little child she spent most of her time caring for the sheep on the mountains. While the sheep were grazing she often gathered wild flowers and wove them into crowns. These she offered to Our Blessed Mother upon little altars that she had made of stones. Bernadette could neither read nor write, but she knew how to say her rosary.

Not far from Bernadette's home at Lourdes in the side of the mountain there is a mass of rock which is in the

form of a grotto. Bernadette told the story of what happened at this grotto.

“The first time I was at the grotto I went to gather wood with two other girls. When we were at the mill I asked them if they would like to go and see where the water emptied into the river. They answered, ‘Yes.’ From there we followed the canal and found ourselves before a grotto. Not being able to follow the canal farther, my two companions crossed the water in front of the grotto. Then I found myself alone on the opposite side. I asked the two others if they would help me throw some stones into the water to see if I could pass over without taking off my shoes; they told me to do as they had done. I went a little farther to see if I

could not find a place where I could cross, but it was of no use. Then I came back before the grotto.

“When I had taken off my first stocking, I heard a noise as of a strong wind. I turned my head and looked across the field, but I saw the trees perfectly still. I continued taking off my shoes and stockings, when I heard the same noise again, and as I raised my head to look at the grotto, I saw a lady in white. At first I was frightened, then I put my hand in my pocket and took out my rosary. The lady took the rosary which she was holding in her hands and made the Sign of the Cross with it. I knelt down and said my rosary. After that she made a sign for me to approach, but I did not dare. Then she disappeared.”

Three days later, Bernadette with some companions went again to the grotto. All was still. The children knelt down and began to say the rosary. "She is there!" suddenly cried Bernadette. "She smiles!" The face of Bernadette shone with a strange light. She went forward and threw holy water toward the Vision, saying, "If you are from God, come forward." The lady smiled again and, approaching, bent toward the child. Bernadette knelt down again. So great a change had come over the little shepherd girl that her companions were filled with fear. Marie, her sister, believed she was about to die. They tried to rouse her, but she did not move until the Vision disappeared.

Bernadette could speak of nothing

but the beautiful Lady. She said: "The Blessed Virgin wore a beautiful white dress gathered in graceful folds high against the neck. The sleeves were close-fitting. Her head was covered by a veil which went down to the forehead; then falling upon her shoulders and touching her arms, it dropped in graceful folds on both sides to the feet. She wore a blue girdle. It was without a knot and floated before her. Her feet were bare and could just be seen under the folds of her dress. On each foot was a full-blown yellow rose. From one of her arms hung a long rosary, the beads of which were white; the chain was of shining yellow, and the crucifix was yellow like the chain."

The next time Bernadette went to

the grotto the beautiful Lady asked her to come for fifteen days. Bernadette promised to do so. In one of these visits the Lady said, "Go to the spring; drink, and wash there." Bernadette knew of no spring. She thought the Lady meant the river. But on a sign from the Vision she went to the corner of the grotto and dug in the earth with her fingers. Suddenly the little hole she had dug filled with muddy water. She drank from it; then she washed her face. A tiny stream of clear water soon appeared.

At another time, Our Blessed Mother told Bernadette to go and tell the priests that a church should be built on this spot. She also asked that processions should come to the grotto.

Later Bernadette went again to the grotto. This time the Lady was waiting for her. The child, remembering that she had not yet told her name, asked her twice, "Madame, would you be kind enough to tell me who you are?" A smile was the only answer. The Lady joined her hands and looked up to Heaven; then she said, "I am the Immaculate Conception," and disappeared.

From that day to this crowds of people have flocked to Lourdes, where a beautiful church has been built in honor of Our Lady. The wonderful spring still flows, and hundreds of people have been cured at the shrine of Our Lady of Lourdes where Bernadette first heard her say, "I am the Immaculate Conception."

HEARD OVER THE RADIO

A PATRIOTIC PROGRAM

Station USA. Uncle Sam wishes to talk to the children of America.

UNCLE SAM. Dear boys and girls of the United States of America, this patriotic program has been prepared for you, the future men and women of our country. I want all who are listening to join in the singing of "America."

We will now have a poem called

MY LAND IS GOD'S LAND¹

My land is God's land — mountains,
rivers wide;
God built it, blest it, gave it, to be the
whole earth's pride,

¹ Reprinted by permission from "For Days and Days: A Year-round Treasury of Verse for Children" by Annette Wynne. Copyright, 1919, by Frederick A. Stokes Company.

With lofty silent places and prairies for
the free —

My land is God's land that goes from
sea to sea.

My flag is God's flag and God will see
it through,

It shines on sea and mountain, the Red,
White, and Blue —

It has no need of terror, it lives close
to the sky —

My flag is God's flag and He will keep
it high!

UNCLE SAM. Good citizens love their
flag. I hope that "Old Glory" is where
you can see it while I tell you a little
of its history.

The American flag is the third oldest
national flag in the world. It is made

up of stars and stripes. At first it was decided that there should be a star and a stripe for each state. The first flag had thirteen stars and thirteen stripes because there were thirteen states in the Union.

A little later two more states entered the Union, and then our flag had fifteen stars and fifteen stripes. As other states entered, it was seen that there would be too many stripes; so it was decided that our flag should have only thirteen stripes, to honor our first states, while a star should be added for each new state.

The American flag today has thirteen stripes, seven red and six white, and forty-eight stars of five points in a blue field.

I wish the boys and girls to stand and join in singing while the United States Marine Band plays our national hymn, "The Star-Spangled Banner."

I will now tell you some things that every American boy and girl should know about the flag.

1. The flag should not be raised before sunrise, and it should be lowered at sunset.

2. It should be raised quickly, but lowered slowly.

3. The flag should never be allowed to touch the ground.

4. The flag should not be raised in stormy weather.

5. Out of doors, whenever possible, the flag should be flown from a pole.

6. When used in decoration, the flag should not be draped, but hung flat.

7. When the flag of the United States is carried with other flags, it should be on the right.

8. When the flag is passing in parade, all persons should stand at attention and salute.

9. When "The Star-Spangled Banner" is played, all should stand and face toward the music.

10. When flags are worn out, they should be burned.

I am sure that every American boy and girl will show respect for the flag and will teach others to love and respect it. Our patriotic program will close with a flag song.

FLAG SONG¹

Sing for the flag, the red, white, and
blue!

Flag of the good and flag of the true!
Flag of the noble, flag of the brave,
O'er all thy children proudly wave.

Sing for the flag, the red, white, and
blue!

Flag of the good and flag of the true!
Long as the stars that shine above,
Shall it endure—the flag we love.

LYDIA AVERY COONLEY WARD

This is the end of the patriotic program which Uncle Sam has broadcasted from Station USA.

¹From "Songs for Little Children," by courtesy of Thomas Charles Company.

THE BOY WHO CRIED WOLF

Once there was a shepherd boy whose work it was to watch a flock of sheep near a village. All day long the sheep grazed on the mountain sides.

After some days the boy became tired of being alone. He tried to think of some way of getting the people in the village to come to him. One day he rushed down toward the village crying out, "Wolf! Wolf!"

The people left their work and ran to help him. The boy only laughed at them for their trouble.

A few days later he tried the same trick, and again the people came to his help.

The wolf, however, did come at last.

Now the shepherd boy was greatly alarmed. He ran down the mountain side shouting: "Wolf! Wolf! The wolf is killing my sheep. Do come and help me!"

It was of no use for him to call. He had fooled the men twice, and now no one went to help him. So the wolf killed many of the best sheep of the flock.

THE LION AND THE MOUSE

A lion was sleeping in a forest. A mouse, not knowing where it was going, ran over the beast's nose and wakened him.

The lion caught the frightened mouse under his great paw and was about to eat it when the mouse cried: "Please,

Mr. Lion, let me go! Some day I may be able to help you."

The big lion laughed at the thought that a tiny mouse could ever help him, but he let the mouse go.

Some time after this the lion was caught in a trap. The hunters, who wanted to take him alive to the king, tied him to a tree. Finding himself without hope of escape, the lion set up a roar that filled the whole forest. The little mouse heard the lion and said, "That sounds like my friend the lion."

The mouse ran and found the lion tied to the tree. "Don't worry, Mr. Lion," said the little mouse; "I will set you free."

The mouse gnawed and gnawed until the ropes broke. The lion was free.

THE HONEST WOODMAN

A woodman, cutting wood by the side of a river, let his ax drop into a deep pool. Having nothing with which to work, he sat down by the side of the river and began to weep.

Mercury appeared and asked, "What is the trouble, my good man?"

"My ax fell into the water," answered the man, "and I cannot do my work."

Mercury plunged into the stream and, bringing up a golden ax, asked, "Is this your ax?"

"No," answered the man, "my ax was not made of gold."

Mercury plunged again into the water and returned with a silver ax in his hand. "Is this your ax?" he asked.



“No,” answered the man, “my ax was not made of silver.”

Mercury plunged for the third time into the water and brought up the ax which the man had lost. “That is the ax which I lost,” cried the woodman.

Mercury, pleased with his honesty, handed the man his own ax. Then he gave him the other two as a present.

The woodman returned to his home and told his companions all that had

happened. One of them thought that he would try to get a gold or a silver ax. He ran to the river and threw his ax into the pool at the same place. Then he sat down on the bank and began to weep.

Mercury appeared to him as he had hoped he would. Having learned the cause of the man's grief, Mercury plunged into the stream and brought up a golden ax.

"Is this your ax?" asked Mercury.

"Yes," answered the woodman quickly, "that is the very ax that I lost."

Mercury, displeased at this, not only took away the golden ax, but refused to look for the ax that the woodman had thrown into the pool.

THE MUSIC OF THE SEA

Many years ago there lived an old man with gray hair and beard whose heart was always young. He was a sweet singer and was very fond of music. The old man could hear music in the flowers, in the stars, in the trees, in everything.

One day the old man said to himself: "I am sure that there are many people who do not hear the lovely music which I hear. I am sorry for them. I will make a harp so that they may listen to its sweet sounds. I will teach them the wonderful music that is in the world."

He made the body of the harp from the wood of the fir tree. The screws



were made from the teeth of a giant pike, and the strings were of horses' hair.

The old man took his harp and, playing as he went, wandered through the forest. As he drew his fingers lightly over the strings, the air was filled with wonderful music. The trees bent down their branches to listen and began to bud and bloom.

Wherever the feet of the old man

touched the earth, flowers began to grow and blossom. Singing birds followed the soft, sweet sounds. Beasts of the fields gathered about him. The wolves left their hiding places, and the bears climbed into the trees. All were eager to hear the wonderful music.

The old man's songs were so gentle and full of sweetness that those who heard them were filled with thoughts of peace and love. Not one cross word, not a quarrel was heard wherever the music went.

One morning the old man wandered down by the shores of the ocean. He laid aside his harp and, lifting up his voice, sang as he had never sung before. He sang of the glory of the heavens, of the flowing waters, of the rustling leaves.

He sang of the joys and sorrows that come to all people — the rich as well as the poor.

As he sang the golden sun stopped to listen. The great waves of the ocean seemed to stand still. All the big fishes and all the little fishes swam to the shore and lifted their heads that they might hear. Suddenly the man was raised up from the earth and carried by the winds to the golden palace of the sky, there to live and sing forever.

The sea fairies found his wonderful harp on the white sand. They took it to their home at the bottom of the sea, where they still play on it day and night. They never tire of hearing the sweet music of the sea.

A Legend from Finland



THE SHELL¹

Upon the shore I found a shell,
I held it to my ear;
I listened gladly, while it sang
A sea song, sweet and clear.

And that a little shell could sing,
At first seemed strange to me,
Until I thought that it had learned
The music of the sea.

¹ By courtesy of the publishers, Silver, Burdett and Company.

I could but wish the song had words,
For then my little shell
The secrets of the deep blue sea
To me would surely tell.

For I had wondered many times
What 'twas the water said,
When it came rushing to the shore
In waves high as my head.

But never would the little shell
Tell anything to me;
Although it sang, fore'er it kept
The secrets of the sea.

JULIA M. ADAMS



CERES AND PROSERPINA

People in the Play

MOTHER CERES, who takes care of the flowers
and all growing things

PROSERPINA, her little daughter

KING PLUTO, who lives under the earth

MERCURY, the messenger

THE READER

THE READER. Long, long ago there lived a woman whose name was Ceres. It was her work to help things grow. She worked hard from morning to night taking care of the trees, the flowers, and the grass. In the autumn she helped the fruits to ripen and made the grain ready to harvest. She loved the beautiful ferns and grasses, but more than all these she loved her little daughter, Proserpina. When

Mother Ceres went away, Proserpina played in the garden with the flowers. Sometimes she felt that the violets and the lilies really talked to her. She never felt lonely while they were nodding in the wind. Mother Ceres has just stepped into her chariot to begin her travels over the earth.

ACT I

SCENE I

Time : Summer

Place : The green meadows

MOTHER CERES. Good-by, Proserpina. I have a great deal of work to do today and must travel far. Play with the flowers, and be waiting for me when I come back.

PROSERPINA. Good-by, dear mother. I shall

wait and watch for you until you return. I shall play in the garden while the birds sing their gay songs to me. I shall gather wild flowers for you.

MOTHER CERES. Now I must go. Good-by, dear child.

PROSERPINA. How fast mother's chariot rolls through the fields! Now I cannot see it. What sound do I hear? Can that be thunder? There is not a cloud in the sky. But look! What is that coming across the fields? It looks like a great black chariot drawn by coal-black horses. It comes nearer. I see a man dressed all in black. Who can it be?

(The chariot stops and King Pluto steps out.)

KING PLUTO. Come with me, Proserpina.

(He takes her hand.)

PROSERPINA. Mother Ceres, Mother Ceres,
save me!

KING PLUTO. Mother Ceres is far away.
She cannot help you. Come, I will
take you with me.

PROSERPINA. Who are you? Where are
you taking me?

KING PLUTO. I am King Pluto. I have a
wonderful palace down under the
earth. I'm taking you there. You'll
like it, I am sure. I have strange
and beautiful things which you have
never seen before.

PROSERPINA. I do not want to go with you.
Oh, please take me to my mother!
She will want me so!

(King Pluto lifts her into the chariot.)

KING PLUTO. I want you, too, Proserpina.
I have no little girls and I want some

one to love. Wait until you see the red rubies and —

PROSERPINA. But I like red poppies best.

(Proserpina drops her head on the side of the chariot and falls fast asleep.)

THE READER. King Pluto drove on and on until at last he came to a large opening in the ground. He drove right into this opening. A gate swung open, and the horses stopped before a beautiful palace. Proserpina woke up to find herself in this palace.

SCENE II

Time: The same day

Place: King Pluto's palace

KING PLUTO. Welcome to my home. I hope you will be happy here. See, all this yellow gold you may have.

PROSERPINA. There is no sunlight. I love the sunlight.

KING PLUTO. Never mind, you will forget about that by and by. You are tired and hungry now. I will get something for you to eat.

PROSERPINA. I do not care for anything to eat.

KING PLUTO. My servants have prepared rich dishes for you. Come, Proserpina.

PROSERPINA. I will not eat a thing. I want to go home to my Mother Ceres. Please take me home!

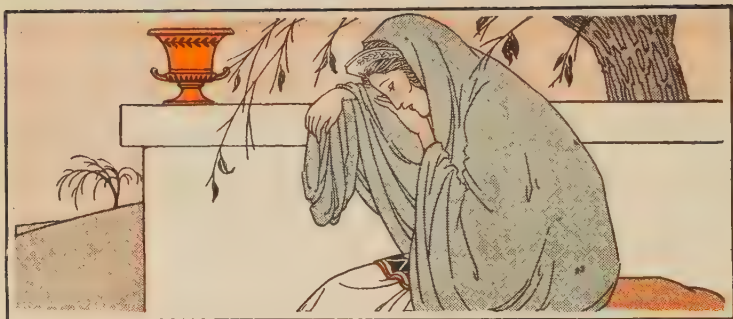
KING PLUTO. Here, child, drink just a little water from this golden cup.

PROSERPINA. I will not drink a single drop, even if you keep me in your palace forever.

KING PLUTO. But it will make you forget all your sorrows, and you will not think any more about your mother. You will be very happy here with me.

PROSERPINA. Oh, no, no! I do not want to forget my Mother Ceres.

THE READER. On the earth Mother Ceres was searching for Proserpina. Never since the evening she came home and found Proserpina gone had she stopped going up and down the earth asking if anyone had seen her child. The grass withered, the flowers faded, the leaves dropped from the trees, for Mother Ceres had no time to take care of them now. She could only search for Proserpina. Failing to find her, she sat upon a stone by the



wayside weeping all the day long.
Mercury saw her and longed to help
her.

ACT II

SCENE I

Time: Autumn

Place: The earth

MERCURY. Mother Ceres, why are you
weeping?

MOTHER CERES. Have you seen Proserpina?
Oh, can you tell me where she has
gone?

MERCURY. Have you had no trace of her?

MOTHER CERES. Yes, I found her girdle near the river one day.

MERCURY. Have you asked the river fairies about Proserpina? Perhaps they know where she is.

MOTHER CERES. Go, Mercury! Ask the river fairies if they have seen my little daughter.

MERCURY. I will go to the river fairies. I will search through woods and fields. I will even go to Pluto's palace under the ground if I cannot find her on the earth. I will not return until I have found the little Proserpina.

THE READER. Mercury soon learned from the river fairies that King Pluto had carried Proserpina to his underground home. He set out quickly to

bring her back to the earth again. Since Proserpina had left the earth she had tasted no food. Pluto sent his servant to the earth to find fruit, thinking that this would make her eat. The servant returned with one little pomegranate.

SCENE II

Time : Six months later

Place : Pluto's palace

KING PLUTO. Come, Proserpina, you must eat something.

PROSERPINA. I do not care to eat. I only want my Mother Ceres. Oh, please take me to her!

KING PLUTO. See, here is one of your own pomegranates. I had it brought from the earth for you.

PROSERPINA. Mother Ceres often gave me pomegranates. But I do not care for this one.

KING PLUTO. I shall leave it here. Perhaps after a while you will take it.

PROSERPINA. (*Taking the fruit in her hand*) It smells very good, and I am so hungry and weary. (*She bites it.*) But who is coming!

MERCURY. Stop, Proserpina! I have come to take you home, but if you eat so much as one bite, I cannot take you.

PROSERPINA. Now I know why King Pluto was so anxious to have me eat. He knew that anyone who eats in his home cannot leave it. But who are you?

MERCURY. I am the messenger whom Mother Ceres has sent to search for

you. You may come if you have eaten nothing while you have been here.

PROSERPINA. I swallowed only six of the seeds.

KING PLUTO. (*Who has been listening*) For each of those little seeds, Proserpina, you must spend one month out of every year with me. Six months you may stay on the earth with Mother Ceres. The other six are to be spent in my palace.

PROSERPINA. You have been very kind to me, and I know that you are lonely here. I shall not mind very much since I may stay with my mother part of the time. Good-by, King Pluto, good-by.

MERCURY. We must go quickly to Mother



Ceres. As soon as your feet touch the earth again, the grass will grow soft and green, the violets will bloom, and the trees will bud, for Mother Ceres will stop weeping.

THE READER. Far across the fields Ceres saw the flash of a white dress and a little figure running to meet her. "Proserpina has come back!" she cried joyfully. The birds up in the

trees twittered and sang: "Proserpina is here! Proserpina is here!" Flowers everywhere burst into bloom, the green leaves rustled in the soft warm breeze, and all the earth was beautiful and glad once more.

Ever since that time, Proserpina has spent six months upon the earth with her mother and six months in the underworld with King Pluto. When she leaves the earth Mother Ceres weeps, the grass withers, the flowers fade and die, and the leaves drop from the trees; but when Proserpina returns, the buds, the grass, the flowers, the singing birds, and the golden sunshine make the earth a place of beauty and gladness.



FREE AIR MAIL

The Health Clown wanted to reach every boy and girl, so he decided to fly over the country in his new airplane called "Fresh Air." As he traveled, he dropped down these messages to the boys and girls who live in the Land of Keep Well.

1. There is no pot of gold at the foot of the rainbow; it is a pail of milk.

2. One ounce of cooked cereal is worth three ounces of dry in any language.

3. Yellow carrots make pink cheeks.

4. During the year you should eat fruit not less than 365 days.

5. Apple sauce is stewed happiness.

6. Eat dried fruits and keep fresh.

7. Iced drinks poured into a heated body may crack it.

8. Three hearty meals are worth a whole day of bites.

9. A regular hour for each meal, not a regular meal for each hour.

10. Don't speed at meal time. Three miles an hour is the limit.

11. Don't be so wealthy that you can't open your windows at night.

12. Exercise every day out of doors.

13. Let your favorite cake be a cake of soap.

14. He who cleans his teeth has good taste.

15. Brush your teeth as well as your shoes.

16. Brushing your teeth twice a day won't wear them out.

17. The way to close the doors on disease is to open the windows.

18. Wash before you eat and again before you sleep.

19. Sleep long hours with windows open.

20. Fresh air is plentiful but scarce.

21. Stand up straight. There's a lot more ahead of you than there is on the ground.

CLIFF GOLDSMITH

SAINT HERMAN JOSEPH

Herman Joseph was born in a little village on the River Rhine. His father and mother were very pious and good. They were careful to bring up their little boy in the love and fear of God. Herman was a bright boy. There was cheerfulness in all his actions, and his musical laugh made him very attractive.

When Herman was seven years old, he began to go to school. The rough ways of the other children did not please him. Often when they were playing and making a noise in front of the church, he would steal away and go inside to pray before the altar of Our Blessed Lady.

It was here before the shrine of

Mary that he talked to her. He thought of her as he did of his own mother, and he thought of the Child Jesus as his little Brother. Jesus and Mary were pleased with this. They loved the little boy. Herman Joseph loved them with all his heart and wished that the whole world loved them.

Once Herman had a very fine red apple which he wanted to eat. He laughed as he looked at it. Then he said to himself, "I should like to eat this apple, but I think that the Little Infant would like it better."

Herman hurried off to the church. He showed the apple to Our Blessed Mother and said, "Dear Mother, here is an apple for Jesus." Suddenly the statue came to life. The look upon Our

Lady's face was very beautiful. She smiled as she took the apple from Herman and gave it to the Infant. Herman was so happy over this that he tried to serve Our Blessed Mother and the Little Infant even more than before.

One afternoon when the church was empty, Herman went again to visit Our Lady. What do you think he saw? Mary, sitting in the chair with the Little Infant and Saint John playing in front of her! Herman would gladly have joined them, but he could not. Our Blessed Mother called to him and said, "Herman, come up here."

"I cannot," said Herman. "The choir is locked, and I have no ladder."

Then Our Blessed Mother said: "Try it. I will give you my hand."

Herman tried it. Our Blessed Lady took hold of his hand, and he was lifted up. He played with the Little Infant and Saint John until Vespers time. Then Mary helped him down.

Herman's father and mother were so poor that he often had to go without shoes in winter. One very cold day, on his way home from school, he stopped to visit Our Blessed Mother. She saw that his feet were cold and bare. "Why do you go barefooted when it is so cold?" she asked him.

"I have no shoes," he answered.

"See," said Mary, as she pointed to a spot near by, "there is a stone under which you will find some money. Lift the stone, take the money, and buy yourself some shoes."

Herman Joseph lifted the stone and took the money which he found there. Then Mary said, "Whenever you need any more, come, and you will always find it under the stone."

Many times when Herman was greatly in need, he went to the spot which Our Blessed Mother had pointed out to him. On lifting the stone, he never failed to find there the money he needed.

It was not long before some of Herman's companions found out what was happening. They too lifted the stone, but they never found any money.

All through his life Herman Joseph loved Our Blessed Mother. Like Saint Joseph, he was always in the company of Mary, and she showed in many wonderful ways her tender love for him.

OUR LADY OF PERPETUAL HELP

All who know the picture of Our Lady of Perpetual Help learn to love it dearly. The first painting is at Rome in a church belonging to the Redemptorist Fathers.

It was not always there. Many years ago a man boarded a ship for Italy. He took with him a picture of the Mother of God to which he showed great devotion, and which he called Our Lady of Perpetual Help. He had hardly got out to sea when a storm arose. Those on board gave up all hope of being saved. The man now brought out his picture of Our Lady of Perpetual Help and asked all on board to pray to her who is called the Star of the Sea. They did so. The

storm suddenly stopped, the sky cleared, the sea grew calm, and the ship glided swiftly on until it reached the seaport of Rome.

The owner of the picture died at Rome in the house of a friend. Before dying he made the friend promise that after his death the precious picture should be placed in one of the churches of Rome. The friend became so fond of the painting that he could not make up his mind to part with it. Our Lady appeared to him in a dream and warned him that he was bound to keep his word. He did not heed this warning. Shortly after, he died with the picture still in his house.

The widow of this man loved the picture even more than her husband had.



OUR LADY OF PERPETUAL HELP

She refused to give it up. One day her little daughter rushed to her and said: "O mother! I have seen here in the house a wonderful woman. She was so beautiful! She said to me, 'Go at once to your mother and tell her that Our Lady of Perpetual Help wishes to be placed in a church.'"

The widow at once decided to obey; but just as she was about to have the picture removed to the church, a friend came in, who laughed at the idea of giving up the picture. Suddenly this friend became very ill. She was cured only after asking pardon of the Mother of God and touching the picture.

The widow knew now that she must keep the picture no longer. It was placed in the church of Saint Matthew

in Rome. Here it remained for three hundred years. Many wonderful miracles were worked during that time. The ever sweet and loving Virgin heard the prayers of those who asked her help before her picture.

During a war the priests who had been given charge of the picture were driven from their convent. They took the picture with them to their new home. It was then hung in a little side chapel where, in a few years, it was almost forgotten.

Our Lady had not forgotten it. The story of the picture had often been told to a little boy by a Brother. Later the Redemptorist Fathers bought the church of Saint Matthew. The boy who knew the story of the miraculous picture had

become a Redemptorist. He told the story to the other Fathers of his Order. Although the miraculous picture had been found, it was many years before it was returned to the church of Saint Matthew.

The picture shows Our Blessed Lady holding the Infant Jesus on her arm. The holy Child shows the pain he feels at the sight of the cross which an angel holds before Him. As if seeking His mother's protection, He holds her right hand. He wears sandals, one of which is fastened to His foot, while the other hangs loose. On each side of the Virgin's head is an angel. One holds in his hand a vessel in which are the lance and the reed with the sponge, the other holds before the Child the cross.

There is a pious belief among many people that one day when the Child Jesus was playing peacefully in the garden near His home, suddenly two Archangels appeared before Him, bearing the instruments of His future passion and death. The cross, the nails, the lance, and the dripping sponge of vinegar and gall were boldly placed before the wondering eyes of the tender Infant. At the sight of this awful vision, Jesus was frightened. He rushed to His mother's arms for protection. His trembling fingers clasped her right hand, while she, with her left hand, drew Him nearer to her. So frightened was the Child at the thought of His future sufferings, that in His haste to reach His mother's sheltering arms, one of His

sandals became unfastened, and was about to fall from His little foot. Though frightened, Jesus felt safe in His mother's arms.

Devotion to Our Lady of Perpetual Help has spread rapidly throughout the whole world. The poor, the sick, and all in trouble hasten to Mary's shrine to beg help in their needs.

Since the time that the Miraculous Picture was set up for public honor in the church of Saint Matthew in Rome, crowds of people have flocked to her shrine. Not only at this shrine, but in every country of the world, the Queen of Heaven continues to help those who honor her as Our Lady of Perpetual Help.

ANOTHER SENTENCE GAME

Make sentences out of these words.

1. are months year the there in twelve.

2. seasons spring the winter and four autumn are summer.

3. March and spring May the months April are.

4. and August the June summer are July months.

5. months October the November are autumn September.

6. winter are January months December the February.

7. year of January the is month the first.

8. shortest is year February the of the month.

A STORY GAME

Here are the names of some stories.
Pick out the words below each name
which belong in the story.

1. "Snow White and Rose Red"

Pandora, the dwarf, Heidi.

2. "Cinderella"

The queen, the fairy godmother, the
witch, Snow White.

3. "The Four Musicians"

The Pied Piper, the donkey, Tom the
Piper's Son.

4. "Sleeping Beauty"

The prince, Rose Red, Proserpina.

5. "The Golden Touch"

Cinderella, Midas, Goldenlocks, Peter.

IMELDA'S FIRST COMMUNION

With great joy did the Lambertini family welcome the new baby whom they called Imelda. She was so frail and so like an angel that her parents feared she would not live. But with good care the little Imelda grew stronger. She learned to walk, to talk, and to play like other children.

Her bright eyes, sweet voice, and gentle ways made this little girl loved by all who knew her. Her mother was surprised that little Imelda learned her prayers so well and so quickly. A look of heavenly joy came over her beautiful face whenever she heard the sweet names of Jesus and Mary.

One day her nurse read to her from

the Holy Bible. The child listened in wonder when she heard these words: "I am the Living Bread that came down from Heaven. He that eateth this Bread shall live forever; the Bread that I shall give is My Flesh for the life of the world." After that nothing else seemed to interest Imelda. She longed to hear more of Our Lord, Who had given Himself to us in Holy Communion, His Sacrament of love.

To satisfy this longing her parents sent her to a convent each day where the good Sisters taught the little girl to know and love Jesus in the Blessed Sacrament.

Little Imelda learned to love this convent where Jesus seemed to her so near, and in her prayers she asked God to let

her remain there. Imelda's parents were not surprised when their daughter asked if she might live with the good Sisters. Not long after she was dressed in the habit of Saint Dominic.

At that time children were not allowed to make their First Holy Communion until they were fourteen years old. Imelda was only eleven. Ever since she had heard of the presence of Jesus in the Blessed Sacrament, she had longed for Holy Communion. She often made little visits to the chapel. When it was time to leave, something like envy rose in her heart as her eyes rested on the lilies. They were allowed to remain and bloom and die near Jesus. How gladly would she have been one of them, that she too might live and die near Him!

She looked at the little red light that burned before the altar and lived its life for Jesus. She wished that she could spend all her strength for Him.

To receive Holy Communion was her first thought on awaking in the morning, her last thought at night. Often little Imelda would ask, "How is it possible to receive Jesus and not die of joy?"

One day after Mass a wonderful thing happened. The Sisters had left the chapel. Imelda alone knelt in her place. Never had she longed for Jesus as she did that morning. She prayed, "Lord, I am not worthy to receive Thee, but only say the word and my soul shall be healed."

Imelda raised her eyes to the altar. A ray of light came forth from the



tabernacle. Within this brightness was a Sacred Host. Nearer and nearer It came until It stood over the child. Lovingly she held out her arms, raised her head, and parted her lips. She still saw the Sacred Host, but It did not come to her. Imelda, filled with love and fear, dropped her hands, bowed her head, and closed her lips. In a moment she raised her head again and looked at the Sacred Host.

One of the Sisters saw the light; she called the other Sisters. They hurried to the spot and fell on their knees in wonder. The priest was called. He came and, taking the Sacred Host in his hands, gave It to the child.

Now Imelda had Jesus with her. The light disappeared. The Sisters left

the chapel. Little Imelda knelt alone. Some time later a Sister was sent to call her. She found the child kneeling just as they had left her. She had finished her thanksgiving in Heaven.

JESUS, THOU ART COMING

Jesus, Thou art coming
Holy as Thou art,
Thou the God Who made me
To my sinful heart.

Jesus, I believe it
On Thy own sweet word,
Kneeling, I adore Thee
As my King and Lord.



DANDELION STARS

The little stars lived in a beautiful home in the sky. It was like a fairy palace, shining with gold and silver and sparkling with diamonds and rubies. How happy they were with their mother, the moon, and their father, the sun!

Every evening the little stars left their beautiful palace to take their places in the sky. The stars loved their home, yet they were usually glad when it began to grow dark and they could take their places and shine through the night.

One evening some of these little stars did not want to leave the golden palace. When the moon came into the sky, she looked around in surprise. Only a few little stars were to be seen.

"Come, children," called Mother Moon. "Why are you not in your places tonight? Father Sun has been down behind the mountain for an hour or more. Come, my children, come and help me light up the sky."

The little stars did not come quickly. One after another they came very slowly to the moon. "We don't want to shine tonight," they said. "We have been in our places every night for weeks and weeks. We are tired and want to stay at home. Why cannot someone else shine tonight?"

When the moon saw that the little stars were unwilling to do as she wished, she turned to them and said: "It is by your light that the earth people find their way in the dark. If you do not care to help them any more, you must go away. Only good little stars shall shine in the sky."

The little stars began to fall from the sky. Down, down they fell to the earth, and sank into the grass. Poor little stars! They were sorry that they had been naughty. They were so lonely and afraid that they cried themselves to sleep.

The sun shone brightly the next morning and awakened the baby stars from sleep. When they saw that they were not in their beautiful golden palace, they began to cry again.

"What is the matter, little stars?" called the sun. "Why are you down there on the earth?"

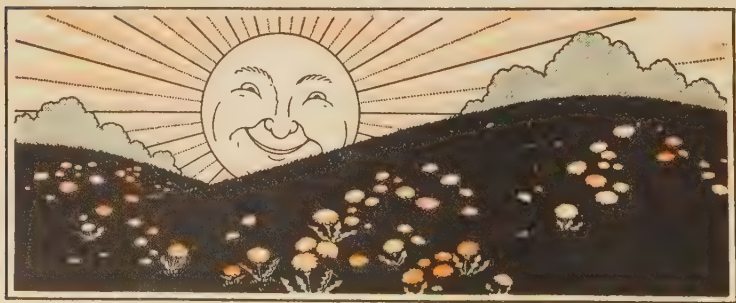
"O Father Sun," cried the poor little stars, "we did not mean to be so naughty. Last night when Mother Moon came into the sky, we were not in our places. She called us, but we did not want to leave the beautiful palace. We were tired of making the sky bright for the earth people. Mother Moon told us that only good, kind stars could live in the sky, and we must go away. We are very, very sorry, and we want to go back. Please take us back."

"I cannot take you back," said the sun, "but I will tell you something that you can do down there. You can make the earth beautiful by shining on the

ground instead of in the sky." The sun was so bright and cheerful that the little stars felt happier. They began to smile.

That same day some children ran into the meadow. "Oh, see the pretty yellow dandelions!" they cried. "They are as bright as the stars when they shine in the sky at night."

The dandelions nodded at one another, but they did not tell that they had once lived in the beautiful star palace in the sky.



JOAN OF ARC

Joan of Arc was born in a little village in France about the year 1412. Her parents were honest peasants whose one desire was to bring up their children to love God and His Blessed Mother.

Joan never went to school, but many a beautiful lesson she learned at her mother's knee. Although she could not read or write, she could talk to God in prayer for hours at a time. Her mother taught her how to spin and sew. She often helped drive the cattle and horses to pasture, sometimes riding on horseback.

Not far from the village was a beautiful beech wood. Here Joan, listening to the birds and watching the little

forest animals, liked to play under the tall trees. The squirrels and rabbits were not afraid of her, but came at her call.

Years passed. Joan was no longer a little child. She had grown into a beautiful girl. Much of her time was spent in helping the poor and in praying for her country. She knew the great sorrow which had come to France. The king of England was at war with the French king. Joan knew that this meant cruel fighting and much suffering among the poor people. She prayed that God would send relief, but she did not yet know that God had chosen her to bring peace and happiness again to France.

One summer day, as Joan was sitting quietly in her father's garden, she saw a

bright, shining light, like a cloud, in the direction of the church. Then she heard a voice telling her to be a good girl and keep up her work for the poor and the church, saying that God would surely bless her.

Soon after this Joan was watching her father's flocks in the field when she heard the same voice speaking to her: "I am Saint Michael. Put your trust in God and you will one day save France." Looking up, Joan saw the beautiful faces of Saint Catherine and Saint Margaret. They, too, urged her to trust in God.

Whenever Joan walked in the forest she heard the heavenly voices, but she could not be sure what God wanted her to do. Many people felt that it was only her imagination; but many more were

certain that Joan really heard the voices and saw the heavenly visions.

Joan waited and prayed. Day and night the voices spoke to her: "Daughter of God, save France! Do not fear; I will be with you."

"What must I do?" she would cry out. "What does God wish me to do?"

One day she heard this answer, "Go to the king and tell him that you have come to save France." Then the voice told Joan how she could do this.

"I must go," said Joan to her father and mother. "It is God Who calls me to save France."

"The king will only laugh at you," said her parents. "How can you, a simple peasant girl, save France? No, you must not go."



JOAN OF ARC
From a painting by Lénépveu

Joan had always obeyed her parents. She could not go against their wishes now; but the voices kept urging her. At last she went to the home of an uncle. He took her to the governor, then to the priests. They laughed at her and sent her away. Joan prayed that God would help her. Her prayers were answered, and soon she found a friend who led her to the court.

The halls were crowded with richly dressed knights and ladies. When the doors opened for Joan to enter, she seemed not to notice the splendor around her. For a moment she gazed about the room until she saw a man, dressed in plain clothes, standing by a window. She walked quickly to him and knelt down.

"May God bless you, gracious king!" she said.

The king was pleased that Joan had walked straight to him, though she had never seen him before. He was more pleased when Joan told him that France would be saved, and that he would be crowned as king. Then she told him of the visions, and of the voices she had heard in the forest.

The king believed all that Joan said and promised to do everything in his power to help her.

After six long weeks of waiting, Joan was given a beautiful, white horse and was placed at the head of the army. She wore shining white armor and carried a banner of white, decorated with the lilies of France and a glorious figure

of the Saviour. Under this banner Joan led her soldiers into battle.

One victory followed another, until at last they reached the city of Orleans. They knew that they must take the city. Joan rushed into the very thickest of the fight, waving her banner and crying: "Come! Save the city of Orleans!"

At last the English were driven back and Orleans was saved. Because of this victory Joan received the name of the "Maid of Orleans." As the English left the city, Joan led her army to the church to give thanks to God.

France was saved; the king was crowned as Joan had promised. She longed now to return to her home, but God had a greater work for her — to die for Him and for her country. Her

desire to return to her mother and father was not granted, for the king decided that she should remain with the army.

For a long time no heavenly voices or visions had guided her. She was losing her strength. The soldiers became discontented. They did not like to be led by a woman. Although they knew that Joan had led them to victory, they were jealous of the fame of this young girl.

One day in spring Joan heard again the voice of Saint Michael, "You shall be taken prisoner during the summer," he said. "Do not fear, for God will help you."

The time came at last. Joan was taken by the English. After many days

in prison she was brought to trial and sentenced to death. Some people said that she was a witch. A great fire was made in the market place, and Joan was burned to death. As the flames leaped around her she gazed at the cross which a friend held before her. She died with the name of Jesus on her lips.

Thousands of people watched her die. When the fire had burned out, a cry was heard: "We have burned a saint! The maid was indeed a saint!"

People remembered the Maid of Orleans for years after her death. They could not forget the faith and courage of this gentle girl who had died for her country.

Today Saint Joan of Arc is loved and honored as a saint of God.



DISCONTENT

Down in a field, one day in June,
The flowers all bloomed together,
Save one, who tried to hide herself,
And drooped — that pleasant weather.

A robin, who had flown too high
And felt a little lazy,
Was resting near the buttercup,
Who wished she were a daisy.

For daisies grow so trim and tall;
She always had a passion
For wearing frills around her neck,
In just the daisies' fashion.

And buttercups must always be
The same old, tiresome color,
While daisies dress in gold and white,
Although their gold is duller.

"Dear robin," said the sad young flower,
"Perhaps you'd not mind trying
To find a nice white frill for me
Some day, when you are flying."

"You silly thing," the robin said,
"I think you must be crazy;
I'd rather be my honest self
Than any made-up daisy.

"You're nicer in your own bright
gown;

The little children love you;
Be the best buttercup you can,
And think no flower above you.

"Though swallows leave me out of sight,
We'd better keep our places.
Perhaps the world would all go wrong,
With one too many daisies.

"Look bravely up into the sky,
And be content with knowing
That God wished for a buttercup
Just here, where you are growing."

SARAH ORNE JEWETT





HEIDI

Have you ever read the book called "Heidi"? This is only a part of the story. Heidi's parents were dead. When she was five years old, she went to live with her grandfather in the mountains.

AT HOME WITH GRANDFATHER

The old man was seated on a bench at the side of his hut. He was staring at the ground without uttering a sound, while thick curls of smoke floated upward from his pipe. Heidi placed herself in front of him and, joining her hands behind her back, stood and gazed at him. Her grandfather looked up; still the little girl continued to stand there without moving.

"What do you want?" he asked.

"I want to see what you have inside the house," said Heidi.

"Come, then!" and her grandfather rose and led the way toward the hut.

"Bring your bundle of clothes in with you," he said as she was following.

"I shall not want them any more," was her prompt answer.

The old man turned and looked at the child, whose dark eyes were sparkling. "Why shall you not want them?" he asked.

"Because I want to go about like the goats with their thin, light legs."

"Well, you may do so if you like," said her grandfather, "but bring the things in; we must put them in the cupboard."

Heidi did as she was told. The old man now opened the door, and Heidi stepped in after him. She found herself in a good-sized room, which covered the whole ground floor of the hut. A table and a chair were the only furniture. In one corner stood her grandfather's bed, in another was the hearth, with a large kettle hanging above it, and on the farther side was the cupboard. Her grandfather opened the cupboard door. Inside were his clothes, some hanging up and others lying on a shelf; on a second shelf were some plates and cups and glasses; and on a higher one still, a round loaf, smoked meat, and cheese. Heidi ran quickly forward and put in her bundle of clothes. She then looked carefully round the room and asked,

"Where am I going to sleep, grandfather?"

"Wherever you like," he answered.

Heidi began at once to look in all the nooks and corners to find where it would be pleasantest to sleep. In the corner near her grandfather's bed she saw a short ladder against the wall; up she climbed, and found herself in the hayloft. There lay a large heap of fresh, sweet-smelling hay. Through a round window in the wall she could see right down the valley.

"I shall sleep here, grandfather," she called down to him. "It's lovely up here. Come up and see how lovely it is!"

"Oh, I know all about it," he called up in answer.

"I am getting the bed ready now," she

called down again, as she went busily to and fro at her work, "but I shall want you to bring me up a sheet; you can't have a bed without a sheet to lie upon."

"All right," said her grandfather. He went to the cupboard and drew out a long, coarse piece of stuff. He carried it up to the loft, where he found that Heidi had already made a very good bed. She had put an extra heap of hay at one end for a pillow and had so fixed it that, when she was in bed, she would be able to see out through the round window.

"Now we must put on the sheet, but wait a moment first," said her grandfather. He brought another large bundle of hay to make the bed thicker, so that the child should not feel the hard floor under her. The two together now spread

the sheet over the bed, and where it was too long or too broad, Heidi quickly tucked it under the hay.

"We have forgotten something now, grandfather," she said after a short silence.

"What's that?" he asked.

"A coverlet; when you get into bed, you have to creep in between the sheet and the coverlet."

"Oh, that's the way, is it? But suppose I have no coverlet?" said the old man.

"Well, never mind, grandfather," said Heidi. "I can take some more hay to put over me." She was turning quickly to get another armful from the heap, when her grandfather stopped her.

"Wait a moment," he said, and he



climbed down the ladder again and went toward his bed. He returned to the loft with a large, thick sack, made of linen, which he threw down, saying, "There, that is better than hay, is it not?"

Her grandfather helped Heidi smooth out the thick sack. When they spread it neatly over the bed, it all looked so warm and comfortable that Heidi stood gazing at it in delight. "That is a splendid coverlet," she said, "and the bed looks lovely! I wish it were night, so that I might get inside it at once."

"I think we might have something to eat first," said her grandfather. "What do you think?"

Heidi, in the excitement of bed-making, had forgotten everything else, but now when she began to think about food she felt very hungry. She answered, "Yes, I think so, too."

"Let us go down then, since we think alike," said the old man, and he followed the child down the ladder. While the old man busied himself at the hearth, toasting a large piece of cheese, Heidi went back and forth from the cupboard. Soon her grandfather got up and came to the table with a jug and the cheese. The table was already laid with the round loaf and two plates and two knives each in its right place. Heidi had noticed

that morning all that was in the cupboard, and she knew which things would be wanted for their meal.

"Ah, that's right," said her grandfather. "I am glad to see that you have some ideas of your own, but there is still something missing."

Heidi looked at the jug and ran quickly back to the cupboard. She returned with a bowl and two glasses and put them down on the table.

"Good, I see you know how to set about things; but what shall you do for a seat?" Her grandfather himself was sitting on the only chair in the room. Heidi flew to the hearth, and dragging the three-legged stool up to the table, sat down upon it.

"Well, you have found a seat for

yourself, I see, only rather a low one I am afraid," said her grandfather; "but you would not be tall enough to reach the table even if you sat in my chair. The first thing now is to have something to eat, so come along."

He stood up, filled the bowl with milk, and placing it on the chair, pushed it in front of Heidi on her little three-legged stool, so that she now had a table to herself. Then he brought her a large slice of bread and a piece of the golden cheese and told her to eat. After that he sat down on the corner of the table and began his own meal. Heidi lifted the bowl with both hands and drank until it was empty.

"Was the milk good?" asked her grandfather.

"I never drank any so good before," answered Heidi.

"Then you must have some more." The old man filled her bowl again to the brim and set it before her. The child looked the picture of content as she sat eating and drinking.

When the meal was over, her grandfather went outside to put the goat shed in order. Heidi watched him while he swept it out and then put fresh straw for the goats to sleep upon. Then he went to the little well shed and cut some long, round sticks and a small round board. In this he bored some holes, and stuck the sticks into them, and there, as if made by magic, was a three-legged stool. Heidi, filled with wonder, stood and looked at it.

"What do you think that is?" asked her grandfather.

"It's my stool, I know, because it is such a high one; and it was made all in a minute," said the child, still lost in wonder.

"She understands what she sees; her eyes are in the right place," said her grandfather to himself.

The time passed happily till evening. Then the wind began to roar louder than ever through the old fir trees. Heidi listened with delight to the sound, and it filled her heart so full of gladness that she skipped and danced around the old trees, as if some unheard-of joy had come to her. Her grandfather stood and watched her from the shed.

Suddenly a shrill whistle was heard.

Heidi paused in her dancing, and her grandfather came out. Down from the heights above the goats came springing one after another, with Peter, the goat-herd, in their midst. Heidi sprang forward with a cry of joy and rushed among the flock, greeting first one and then another of her old friends. As they neared the hut the goats stood still; then two beautiful, slender animals, one white and one brown, ran forward to where her grandfather was standing and began licking his hands. He was holding a little salt, which he always had ready for his goats on their return home. Peter disappeared with the rest of his flock.

Heidi tenderly stroked the two goats in turn, running first to one side of them

and then to the other, and jumping about in her glee. "Are they ours, grandfather? Are they both ours? Are you going to put them in the shed? Will they always stay with us?"

Heidi's questions came tumbling out one after another, so that her grandfather had only time to answer each of them with "Yes, yes." When the goats had finished licking up the salt, her grandfather told her to go and get her bowl and the bread.

Heidi obeyed, and was soon back again. Her grandfather milked the white goat and filled Heidi's bowl with the rich, warm milk.

"Now eat your supper," he said, handing her the bowl and a piece of bread, "and then go up to bed. I must go

and shut up the goats, so be off and sleep well."

"Good night, grandfather! Good night. What are their names, grandfather, what are their names?" she called after him.

"The white one is named 'Little Swan,' and the brown one 'Little Bear.'"

"Good night, Little Swan! Good night, Little Bear!" she called again at the top of her voice, for they were already inside the shed. Then she sat down on the seat and began to eat her supper; but the wind was so strong that it almost blew her away, so she finished quickly. Running indoors she climbed up to her bed, where she was soon lying as sweetly and soundly asleep as any young princess on her couch of silk.

JOHANNA SPYRI (*Adapted*)

RIDDLES

1. I lived in the forest. I was not happy there. One day I was cut down and taken away. My branches were filled with beautiful presents. I lived in the garret until springtime. Who am I?

2. I lived by the roadside. I wasted many days looking for a pot of gold at the end of the rainbow. Who am I?

3. I ate six pomegranate seeds. Since then I have spent six months of every year under the earth. Who am I?

4. I traveled over the Land of Keep Well in my airplane. I dropped down this message, "There is no pot of gold at the foot of the rainbow—it is a pail of milk."

5. I was once a beautiful maiden. I won a race with Apollo by being changed into a tree. Who am I?

6. I rid a town of rats. The Mayor refused to pay me. Then I played my pipe. As I left the town the children followed me. Who am I?

7. We were sisters. We had a bear for a playmate. A dwarf tried to hurt us. We were saved by the prince. Who are we?

8. My grandfather lived in the Swiss mountains. I went to live with him. I liked to watch Little Swan and Little Bear lick the salt from grandfather's hand. Who am I?

9. I lost my ax. Mercury gave me my own ax, a golden one, and a silver one. Who am I?



From a painting by Millet

THE ANGELUS

The angel of the Lord declared unto
Mary,

And she conceived of the Holy Ghost.

Hail Mary.

Behold the handmaid of the Lord,
Be it done unto me according to Thy
word.

Hail Mary.

And the Word was made Flesh,
And dwelt amongst us.

Hail Mary.

Pray for us, O holy Mother of God,
That we may be made worthy of the
promises of Christ.

Let us pray

Pour forth, we beseech Thee, O Lord,
Thy grace into our hearts, that we unto
whom the Incarnation of Christ, Thy
Son, was made known by the message
of an angel, may, by His passion and
cross, be brought to the glory of His
resurrection; through the same Christ
our Lord. *Amen.*

LITTLE DICTIONARY

The little dictionary uses these marks to help you pronounce new words:

ă as in fat

ā as in fate

ä as in arm

ě as in met

ē as in mete

ĭ as in hid

ī as in hide

ǒ as in not

ō as in note

ŭ as in up

ū as in use

ōō as in foot

ōō as in food

In words of more than one syllable, a little mark like this (') is used to show which syllable should be strongly pronounced.

anxious (ănk'shŭs): worried.

Apollo (a pŏl'ō).

approach (a prŏch'): to come near to.

archangel (ărk ān'jĕl): a chief angel.

arrive (ă rĭv'): to reach or come to.

astonish (ăs tŏn'ĭsh): to surprise greatly.

attractive (ă trăk'tĭv): having the power to charm.

baboon (bă bŏon'): a kind of monkey.

bass drum (băs drŭm).

callopie (kă lĭ'ō pĕ): a musical instrument made up of steam whistles and played like an organ.

cartwheel (kărt'whĕl): a hand-spring.

cease (sĕs): to stop.

Ceres (sĕ'rĕz).

chariot (chărl'iot): a two-wheeled carriage used in olden times.

choir (kwĭr): the part of the church used for the singers.

chrysanthemum (krĭs ăn' thĕ-mŭm): a plant with large showy flowers.

citron (sĭt'rŭn): a kind of fruit.

cliff (klĭf): a high, steep rock.

court (kŏrt): a king's palace.

cozy (kŏ'zĭ): warm and comfortable.

curve (kŭrv): a bend.

Daphne (dăf'nĕ).

decide (dĕ sĭd'): to make up your mind to do a thing.

delighted (dĕ lit'ĕd): glad.

direction (dĭ rĕk'shŭn): the way.

discontented (dīs kōn tēnt'ēd): not satisfied.

distance (dis'tāns): the length of space between two places.

droop (drōōp): to hang down.

escape (ēs kāp'): to get away from.

expect (ēks pēkt'): to wait for.

expose (ēks pōz'): to lay open or to show.

fault (fawlt): a little mistake.

flute (flōōt): a musical instrument.

frail (frāl): weak.

frisk (frīsk): to leap or skip.

frolic (frōl'īk): to make merry.

garments (gār'mēnts): clothing.

garnet (gār'nēt): a precious stone.

girdle (ger'd'l): a belt for the waist.

governor (gūv'er ner): one who rules.

graze (grāz): to feed on.

Gretel (grēt'ēl).

grotto (grōt'ō): a cave.

guilder (gīl'der): a coin.

Hamelin (hām'līn).

harp (hārp): a musical instrument.

haughty (haw'tī): proud.

Heidi (hī'dē).

hermit (her'mīt): one who lives alone.

hymn (hīm): a sacred song.

Imelda (ī mēl'da).

indulgence (īn dūl'jēns): a pardon or taking away of punishment.

Joachim (jō'ā kīm).

Joan of Arc (jōn of ārk).

journey (jer'nī): to go from one place to another.

ladle (lā'd'l): a cuplike spoon.

latch (läch): a door catch.

laurel (law'rēl): the name of a tree.

linden (līn'dēn): the name of a tree.

locust (lō'küst): the name of an insect.

mayor (mā'er): the chief ruler of a city.

Mercury (mur'kū rī).

miracle (mīr'a kēl): a wonderful thing which only God can do.

mossy (mōs'ī): covered with moss.

nettles (nēt'lz): prickly plants.

Offero (ōf'er ō).

Orleans (ōr'lē ānz): a city in France.

oval (ō'vāl): shaped like an egg.

peasant (pěz'ant): a country-man or farmer.

perish (pěr'ish): to die or to be destroyed.

pierce (pērs): to run through.

pike (pīk): a fish.

pious (pī'ūs): religious.

pitch (pīch): to place a tent.

plunge (plŭnj): to dive or rush into the water.

Pluto (plōō'tō).

pomegranate (pōm grăn'āt): a kind of fruit.

precious (prěsh'ūs): of great value.

Proserpina (prō sur'pī na).

protect (prō tēkt'): to guard or shelter.

purpose (pur'pūs): the reason for doing a thing.

ranch (rănch): a cattle farm.

really (rē'ăl ĭ): truly.

relief (rē lēf'): help.

rollicking (rōl'īk ĭng): moving or playing in a careless manner.

rootlets (rōōt'lēts): little roots.

rouse (rouz): to stir to thought or action.

ruddy (rŭd'ĭ): of a red color.

Scriptures (skrīp'tŭrz): the Holy Bible.

seaport (sē'pōrt): a town on the seashore.

serious (sē'rĭ ŭs): thoughtful.

shadowy (shăd'ō ĭ): dim.

shearing (shēr'ĭng): cutting or clipping.

showering (shou'er ĭng): sending forth.

signal (sĭg'năl): a sign.

spin (spĭn): to draw out and twist into thread.

spiræa (spī rē'a): a shrub.

splendid (splĕn'dĭd): very fine.

staff (stăf): a pole or stick.

stork: a large bird with long legs and a pointed bill.

swarthy (swor'thē): having a dark skin.

tambourine (tămb ōō rĕn'): a small drum played by shaking or striking with the hand.

timid (tĭm'ĭd): afraid or shy.

tomahawk (tōm'a hawk): a hatchet used by the Indians.

treasure (trĕzh'ūr): something of great value.

tremble (trĕm'b'l): to shake with fear.

triangle (trĭ'ăn g'l): a musical instrument.

uniform (ŭ'nĭ form): a special kind of dress.

vanish (văn'ish): to fade out of sight.

vat (văt): a large tub.

Vatican (văt' ĭ kăn): the palace of the Pope at Rome.

Vespers (vĕs'perz): evening services.

vestments (vĕst'mĕnts): garments worn by the priest.

victory (vĭk'tō rĭ): success.

